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"HOPE AGAINST HOPE": by STELLA BENSON

The BYSTANDER

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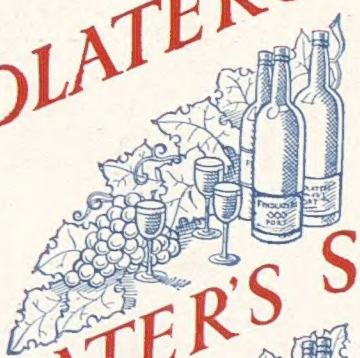

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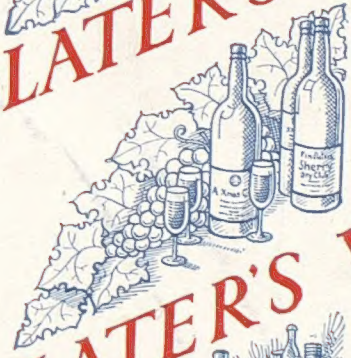

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The Bystander, March 27, 1929

No. 1319. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

BY LEON HERON

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ARE the "LIB." ODDS SHORTENING?

Liberal Leaders, including Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert Hutchison (left), Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Lloyd George,

Lord Reading, Sir H. Samuel and Sir C. Hobhouse, seen at a recent meeting

Mr. Lloyd George is making a determined attempt to win the Flapper Vote, but whether he will succeed is by no means certain, as can be judged from the Stock Exchange quotation. His broad smile may mean that he considers the signs and portents are favourable for a "Lib." revival, but, then, a buoyant optimism is one of the salient features of his character

THE "BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY:

Mrs. Herbert Guedella driving from the first tee

Mrs. MacNair, Mrs. Latham Hall and Miss Dorothy Pearson waiting to drive off

AT THE FIRST TEE

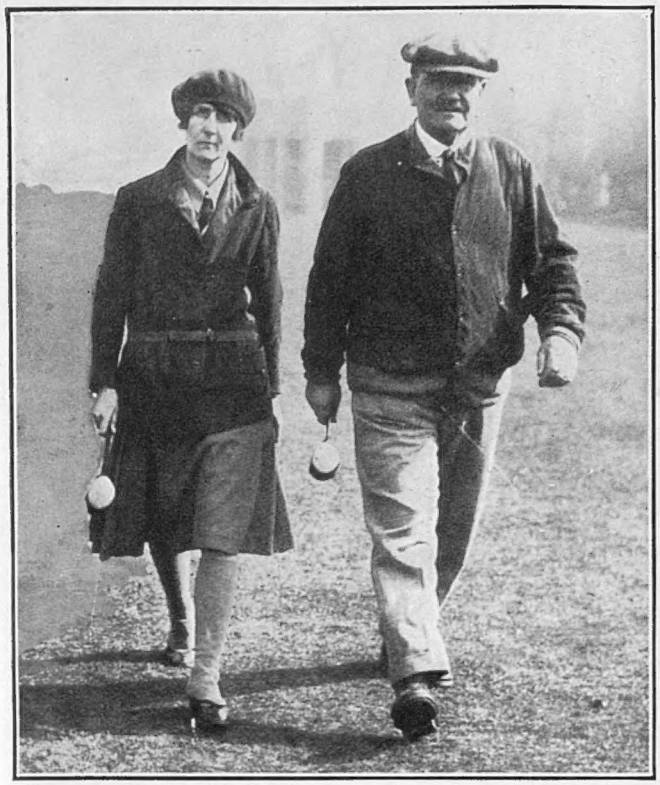
Miss Marjorie White, of Roehampton, whose partner, George Gadd, is seen by the tee box, driving off. Their first round was marred by Gadd cutting a drive into the lake

WENTWORTH in a spring setting of sunshine and green is a beautiful sight, and the competitors in the Mixed Foursome Competition for the BYSTANDER Trophy made the most of a day which gave a promise of summer. There was plenty of run on the ball through the green, and the putting greens were all of that glossy and slippery character which strikes fear into the timid player. As a result, the lady players for the most part began by putting boldly and then spent the rest of the time in playing short.

ONE couple at least triumphed over the difficulties, and Miss M. P. Horsfield and Abe Mitchell, of Verulem, deserved the leading honours of the morning round by their performance in returning a scratch score of 76 which led the field.

ANOTHER British Ryder Cup player in the field, Stewart Burns, of Hendon, returned 78 net with the help of his partner, Mrs. Minors, but here the partnership was not so steady, Mrs. Minors, in particular, being shaky on the greens. Putting trouble also brought about the downfall of the holders, Miss M. Gregory and H. C. Jolly, of Foxgrove, who, nevertheless, recovered splendidly after a somewhat disastrous outward half in the morning. George Gadd, of Roehampton, a former International player, and Miss M. White should have obtained 80 in the first round, but Gadd cut his drive into the pond at the home hole, and an ugly 7 was added to their score.

Play and Winners on the Wentworth Course



Mrs. Dawson and Alec Herd, of Moor Park, photographed on the course

Miss Audrey Croft with her partner, H. G. Twine, of Ashford Manor

A REMARKABLE round was played by Miss N. Proud and J. Ockenden, of North Middlesex, who took second place in the morning with 77 net. They started with an inglorious 7 and took 42 to the turn. To make matters worse, the short tenth hole cost them 5, but a revival began with a 2 at the short twelfth, where Ockenden laid his tee shot by the hole side. Miss Proud is only sixteen years of age and very inexperienced, but she certainly seems to be a born golfer, and already can be termed a long driver.

ABE MITCHELL and Miss Horsfield had several bad moments before achieving their second victory, and the lady player, after jeopardising her side's chances by some weak shots at the start of the afternoon round, made a fine fighting finish. Miss Horsfield was twice bunkered going to the first hole, found another bunker at the third, and was trapped again at the eleventh, where the partnership took seven.

COMING to the last hole they required a four to win the competition. Mitchell hit a great drive, and Miss Horsfield played a splendid iron shot at what was a most critical moment, and then bravely holed a five-foot putt for the necessary four, after Mitchell had laid the approach putt within holing distance. A large crowd watched this thrilling finale. Ockenden and Miss Proud had a nine and a ten going out in the afternoon, and this put them well out of the running.

THE WINNERS OF THE TROPHY

Abe Mitchell and his partner, Miss M. P. Horsfield, who won the "Bystander" Trophy for the second time. They were the winning pair in 1927

who when

MRS. SEYMOUR OBERMER

The beautiful wife of Mr. Seymour Obermer, who, with her husband, recently went on a camping trip into the Sahara Desert. Her husband, who writes plays under the name of Austin Page, was the author of the popular wartime play, "By Pigeon Post," and is producing two more plays in Town in the Autumn

MISS ROSEMARY RYDER

Whose marriage to Lieutenant Clive Loehnis, R.N., will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 17. She is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Ryder, whose husband, the fourth son of the fourth Earl of Harrowby, was killed in action in 1917

Royal Punctuality

IT is always a source of considerable admiration for me to observe the beautiful punctuality with which Royalty fulfil their engagements. They always seem to succeed in timing their arrival to the minute, avoiding both the embarrassment of an unnecessary wait and the nervous suspense of a delay. I travelled down last week to Bournemouth on the occasion of the Duke of Gloucester's visit to open the new Pavilion. He arrived at Waterloo just a minute before the train was due to start. The next minute we were leaving London to the likely threat of fog. It had been a raw morning with mist running up from the river in cold gusts, and not until we reached Sunningdale — that golfers' paradise—did it look like clearing. Then at Micheldever, amidst all the chalk quarries, came the first shaft of sunlight; at Winchester the cathedral was bathed in sunshine; by Southampton Water and through the New Forest there was the feeling of summer, and when we stepped out at Bournemouth we might have been slipping out into the warmth of a Riviera spring day.

Duke's Visit to Japan

I TAKE off my hat to Bournemouth. It is the first of the seaside resorts to build anything approximating to the attractions of a Continental Casino, for, gambling apart, a Casino can be the means of much excellent entertainment, such as opera, plays, first-class music and dancing. That is what Bournemouth has achieved, though not, I understand, without opposition, which makes the achievement of double value. Why they called on other than local industries, however, for certain of their fittings and equipment it is difficult to see. If the exterior lacks in imaginative architecture—and what of our buildings does not these days?—it is made up by the splendour and artistry of the interior, and the acoustics of the concert hall are a veritable miracle.

Anne, the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. Although only eight years old, she competed in the Bronze Medal Competition at the London Ice Club recently

I believe it was Sir William Portal, whose mills near Bournemouth, by the way, produce the paper for the Bank of England notes, who suggested to the Duke that he would have time to run over to Christchurch in order to stimulate public support of a scheme to secure a local beauty spot from the builder.

Sir Henry Page Croft had taken the day off from his Parliamentary duties to welcome the Duke. He is Bournemouth's M.P., and I should imagine it were a waste of time for either Liberal or Labour Party to attempt to upset his majority. It was something of a shock to hear that His Royal Highness is so soon to leave the country

& where

The Misses Iris and Daphne Grenfell, the daughters of Lady Lilian Grenfell, who is the sister of the Duke of Marlborough. Miss Daphne is running a decorating shop in Montpelier Street

again, and he sails *en route* for Japan this week.

Ice Sports

THE frost spell that must have provided the skate-makers with the means of taking Riviera spring holidays has stirred up a renewed enthusiasm for ice-rinking that is resulting in crowded sessions at the few ice skating rinks in the country. The thrills of the international ice hockey matches have been attracting large numbers of onlookers, both at Richmond rink and at Grosvenor Road, and it always amuses me to hear the contempt with which the hockey players regard the figure skaters.

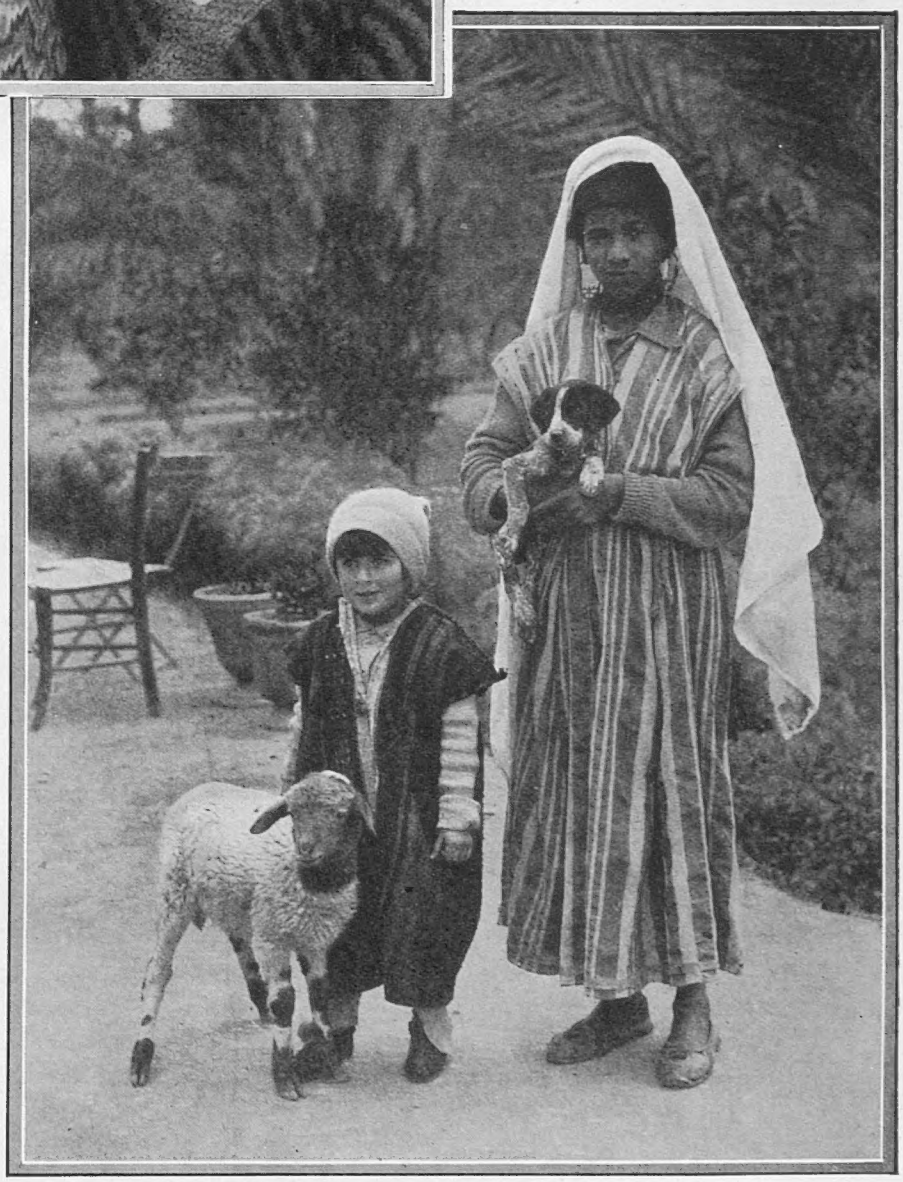
Dressing Up

SKATING, also, seems to be removing people's disinclination to dress up, ice carnivals are growing popular, and only recently I saw Lady Rachel Stuart, Mrs. Arthur Howard, and Lady Cromer in fancy dress upon the ice. Miss Diana Churchill, the Chancellor's daughter, is a frequent visitor to the Ice Club, as well as Lady Blanche Cobbold.

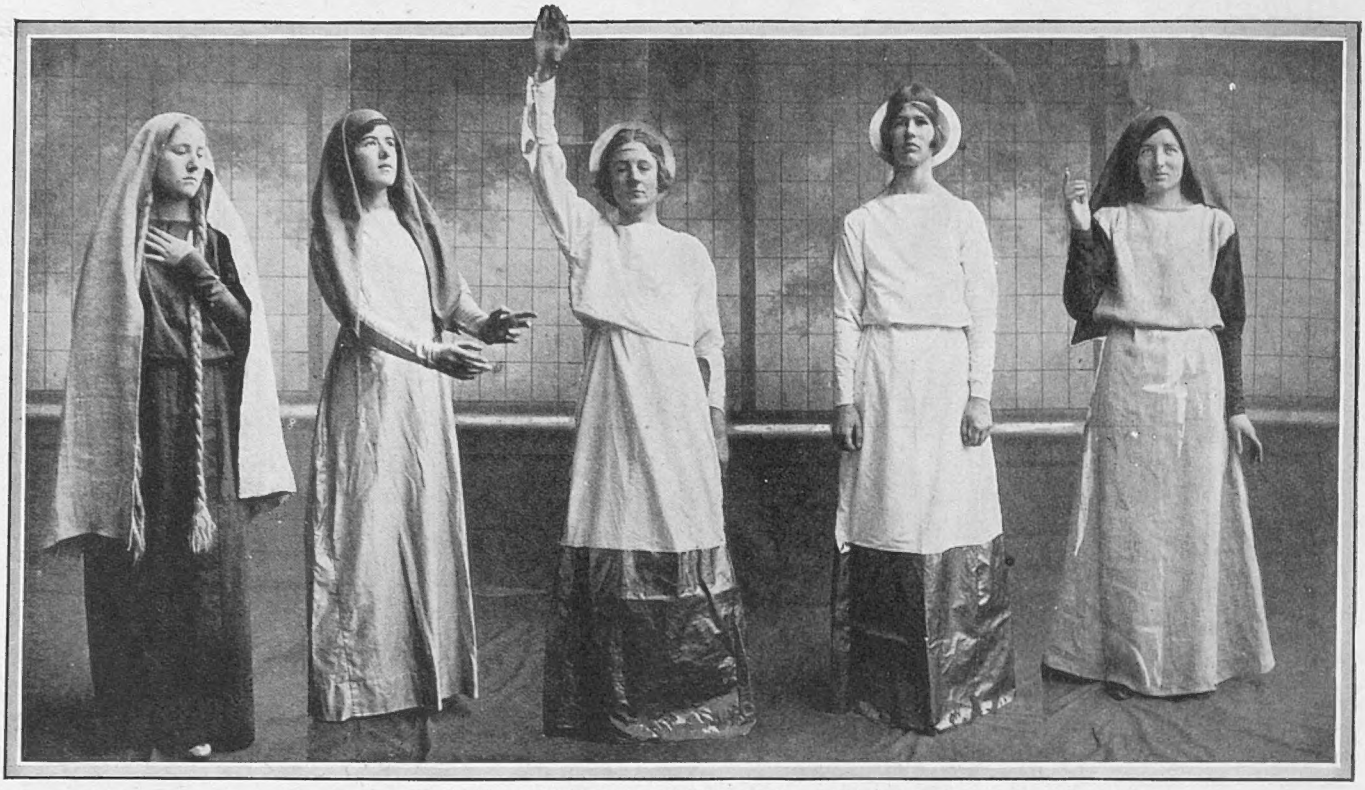
I have also seen Mary Lady Minto there, and it was she and her husband, the late Earl, when they were in Canada during his office as Governor-General, who introduced skating as a recreation. Before, hardly anyone had skated, except of necessity.

National Week

WHAT a week it has been! With rejuvenated vocal chords have the bookmakers acclaimed the return of flat racing, and to the concert of their strident cries have the Lincoln and the Grand National passed from the violent excitement of the race into mere statistics for the guidance of future events. The Boat Race concluded the high pressure of the week's events, after which the Americans, who had come over for the spectacle of the Aintree race, might figuratively lean back upon their cigars before departing for the Continent. Many will be waiting, however, to see the first night of Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue, at which, I am told, the stalls will resemble the galleries of the House of Lords at the reopening of Parliament, so distinguished are their occupants to be. This, in defiance of Holy Week and an exodus to Le Touquet, Deauville and Paris for the Easter holiday that



Little Yvonne Symonds with her Arab nurse and pets at her home at Biskra. Her father, Mr. John Symonds, who was formerly an engineer, has been sheep farming in North Africa since the war with great success



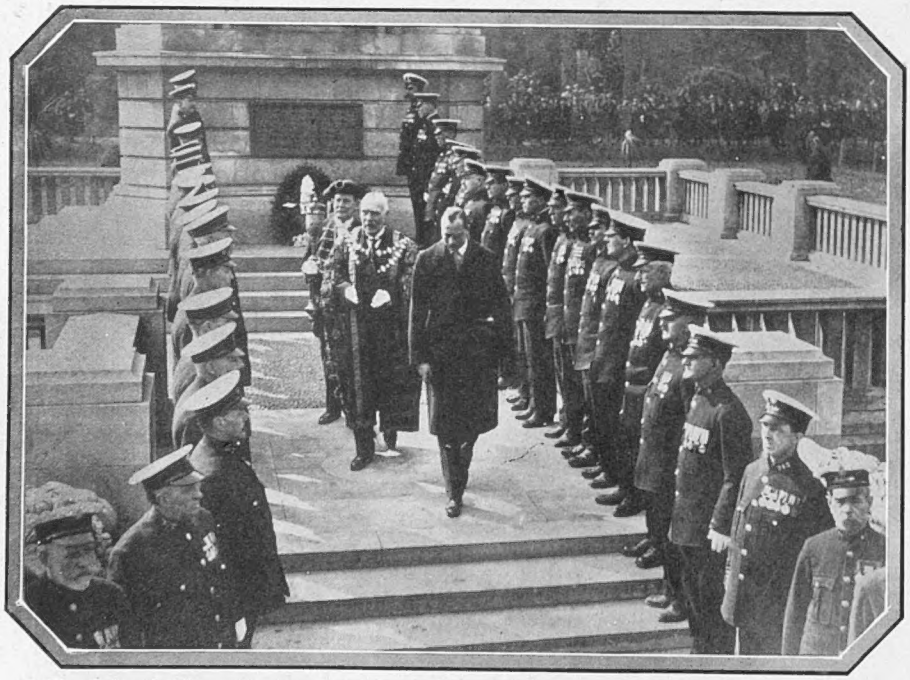
A NEW CAMBRIDGE THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE

The Cambridge University Mummers, a new dramatic society whose members are drawn from both the men's and women's colleges, recently gave their inaugural show, a triple bill which included "The Three Maries," a miracle play of Cornwall. The group, which shows five of the characters in this play, comprises Miss M. St. D. Hodson, Miss A. M. S. Henderson, Mr. G. E. B. Scott, Miss B. M. Gorse and Miss M. M. Whyte

ordinarily would deprive London of a smart first-night audience.

A New Game

CHANCING to motor down to Brighton for the week-end, I was talking to Harry Preston, Brighton's uncrowned king, and over a glass of the famous "old and bold" I was very interested in hearing from a friend of Harry's about a new game which he described as "Tabloid Tennis." I have now seen the game played at Queen's Club, and its possibilities struck me as being a wonderful boon to people living in the suburbs and places where, if one has a garden at all, there is not enough room for a lawn tennis court. This may or may not be old news to most of you, but for the benefit of those who have not heard of the game I append an excerpt from the brochure given me. "Quash" tennis is played exactly as lawn tennis—the rules and game are the same, but the special quash ball by its lightness and resiliency enables the game to be played on a court of only 30ft. × 15ft., barely a quarter the size of a lawn tennis court. The game may be played on grass, hard court, cement or sand. All balls offered for this class of game have up to the present been either too heavy or too dangerous for indoor sport in particular, or have lacked resiliency compatible with extreme lightness. Now a special ball having an air-filled inner bladder and an outer casing of light sponge-rubber allows the full sensation of hard impact to be experienced in hitting the ball. The makers also claim that in no way does the game damage one's ordinary lawn tennis. If I remember rightly, the complete set costs about £3, including two racquets.



The Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by the Mayor of Bournemouth, Alderman H. Cartwright, inspecting Corporation servants after laying a wreath on the War Memorial. He visited Bournemouth to open the new £250,000 Pavilion which has been completed

An Engaged Couple

THE other evening I met an engaged couple together—as all engaged couples should be—at a dance club. They were Miss Audrey Kidson, Lady Windham's daughter, and Mr. Anthony Belville, well known in the hunting field. Miss Kidson was wearing a red velvet full length dinner coat, black satin skirt and silver jumper, to which was pinned a diamond and enamel brooch in her racing colours — a very striking *ensemble*. Miss Audrey Kidson and Mr. Belville are to be married on April 10.

A SOUTH KENSINGTON CONTROVERSY

The amount of ice which is still blocking the waters of the Baltic was instrumental in making the Duke and Duchess of York a day late in their arrival at Oslo for the wedding of Prince Olaf and Princess Martha. The above photograph of the crew of the train-ferry Preussen releasing the ships from an ice-jam in the ice-field between Sessmitz and Trelleborg gives some idea of the conditions the Duke and Duchess experienced. In the right-hand photograph the bride and bridegroom, Princess Martha and the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, are seen arriving at the Town Hall, Stockholm, where they were entertained at afternoon tea

Conservative Controversies

THE calm of South Kensington is still being shattered by the ladies, headed by Lady Trustram Eve, who object to Sir William Davison again standing as Conservative candidate because the limelight of the Divorce Court has been shed upon him. While recognising the sincerity of these female voters, I cannot but think that their view is somewhat muddle-headed. If every politician had to retire from public life because of the shattering of the Seventh Commandment valuable servants of the State will be lost to the country, both in the present and the future; while as for the past——! Surely the example of Queen Victoria might be followed, for she—despite her prudery—clung tightly to the services of a Minister whose private life was notoriously loose. After all, Sir William Davison has served the State bravely over many years, and is one of the stalwarts the country cannot afford to lose. Is he to be relegated to the scrap-heap because his domestic life became complicated?

Southward Bound

WHILE the Duke and Duchess of York took the Pullman at Victoria to go northward for the Royal wedding there were others upon the gold-painted train who were bound southward. After the storms and the snow, sunshine has come at last to Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. The Riviera is once more all gold and blue, in which colours I prefer it, both in imagination and fact. Mr. Winston Churchill, who has just returned, has not been on the Riviera since he sought retreat at Cannes with palette and brush during part of the enforced break in his Parliamentary career. He has been staying with his cousin's first wife, Madame Balsan, who was until 1921 the Duchess of Marlborough.

The Prince of Wales with members of the Committee of the Empire Fellowship Ball, which he attended. It took place last week at Mrs. S. Hartog's town house, 46, Upper Grosvenor Street, which she kindly lent for the occasion

SOCIETY AND SUNSHINE

THAT MORNING COFFEE HABIT!

Visitors to the South of France enjoying coffee and conversation in the Galeries Fleuries in the brilliant sunshine at Cannes

A Beautiful Villa

COLONEL BALSAN, it will be remembered, married the former Duchess after she had obtained a divorce from the Duke, but as both were Roman Catholics their marriage could not be regarded with spiritual equanimity until after the Papal annulment of Mme. Balsan's first marriage, which provoked some secular comment at the time. Colonel Balsan is a charming, intelligent man, speaking English fluently, as he was in charge of the French Aeronautical Mission in London during the War. Their villa at Eze is one of the most beautiful upon the entire Riviera coast. It is built in the Provençal style, surrounded by magnificent gardens, amidst which are clusters of tall, sad cypresses. Cypresses, by the way, are almost as susceptible to conditions as a hothouse plant. They need surprising care and attention.

If ever you have the opportunity to go to the village of Eze take it. The grey stone houses cluster together, five hundred feet above the sea, amidst the crags of the Alps, just as if they were as frightened of untoward shock to-day as they were when the Riviera was at the mercy of raiders. To-day, of course, the villagers welcome attack—from tourist charabancs.

A Riviera Artist

LORD IVOR CHURCHILL, Mme. Balsan's second son, is a frequent visitor to his mother's house. He is considered one of the most informed authorities on modern art, and these trips to the Riviera enable him to see the work of the many artists who congregate around the harbour of Villefranche, which is beneath Eze. One of the most successful, and one of Lord Ivor's *protégés*, is Mr. Tom Van Oss, a young Dutch painter whose work is gaining increasing popularity. He has just concluded an exhibition at Monte Carlo, at which Sir John Lavery bought one of his pictures, and he is now engaged executing portrait commissions for Lady Boot.

THAT YACHTING HABIT!

Captain and Mrs. Gordon Halse, with Count Kinsky (the famous polo player) and Capt. and Mrs. Hambrough, not to mention Master Norman Parsons, on the yacht Ladybird, anchored off Cannes

Players at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club. They are Mr. David Macleth, Capt. F. Travers, R.N., Mr. C. E. Wild, and Col. W. M. Goodwyn

Sun-bathing

A LETTER from Cannes tells me that the weather for the past three weeks has been glorious. "I am writing this out of doors and am

AT CHARMING CANNES

THAT PLAYTIME HABIT

The Cannes Municipality provides plenty of entertainment for its numerous guests, and above is a general view of the Casino and grounds during the progress of a Children's Battle of Flowers. Below is the young Queen of the Carnival escorted by two petits chous *not yet out of their cabb-age!*

nearly baked," I read with suitable envy. The new summer Casino is to be opened with appropriate celebration on April the fourth, and an increasing number of hotels will be open all through this summer that formerly encased themselves under dust covers from April to November. I gather that the Easter-Spring season, when the weather is more reliable than in the previous winter months, is increasing in popularity, and the hotels are jubilant at the sight of rooms all occupied. Lady Sondes has been entertaining at the Villa Les Arcades, which she took for the season from Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, while they are in Hollywood, and among recent arrivals in the sunshine are Lady Patricia Stopford, Lady Maguire, Lady Neumann, and Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Kirkcaldy Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse gave a musical reception recently at the Villa Mariposa. The guests included Princess Nicholas and Princess Marina of Greece, Princess Pierre Galitzine, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, Prince Obolensky, the Hon. Lady Meux, and Mr. Henry and Lady Patricia Russell.

The Wheel of Chance

MONTE CARLO has been considerably excited by the win of four hundred thousand francs in a few hours by Mr. Walter Burns. The fascination of roulette seems to have monopolised many outside the Casino, for Lady Pitcairn-Campbell gave a roulette dance last week at which all Monte seems to have temporarily deserted, the rooms and the Sporting Club for the dance floor. Lord and Lady Grantley, Lady Londesborough, Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow, without whom no party at Monte Carlo is ever complete, were among the guests, as well as Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, whose name stirs the thought of Virginian cigarettes, Lady Towle, the wife of Sir Francis Towle, who has made hotel-keeping into one of the chosen professions for Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates—for the future benefit of our hotels, I hope—Lady Tennant, Lady Waleran, and Sir William and Lady Yarworth Jones.

"PORGY"—*A PLAY of COLOUR*

"Porgy," which C. B. Cochran is bringing to Princes Theatre on April 10, is a play which has caused a sensation in America, where it was played—as it will be here—by a negro cast. Although the characters are of the lowest strata of society and the milieu is therefore sordid, dramatic critics on the other side found in it "high startling beauty." Above, Serena (Rose Maclendon) is seen resenting the intrusion of Bess (Evelyn Ellis) into a high-toned colony, while Porgy (Frank Wilson) looks on. Inset, Georgette Harvey as she appears as Maria, the cookshop keeper

AT THE THEATRE

OLD DAYS and OLD CHINA

By VERNON WOODHOUSE *Sketches at the Coliseum by H. H. HARRIS*

THE variety theatre of to-day is vastly different from the music-hall of my youth. Paterfamilias would as soon have thought of taking his better half to Hades as to one of these "Halls of Vice." Unaccompanied by his wife some daring husband might, on occasions, experience the delirious joys of entering their portals, and a sidelight on their lack of respectability is thrown by Jerome K. Jerome in his story of an angry parent on meeting his son in a music-hall demanding, "What are you doing here, sir?" and being met with the devastating retort, "Well, if it comes to that, what are you?"

TIMES have indeed changed, for the twentieth-century music-hall is more respectable than the theatre, and none is more chaste than the London Coliseum. I believe that Sir Oswald Stoll watches every turn with an eagle eye, and should, perchance, some funny man—or woman—so far forget himself as to crack a joke which would not be appreciated in a Putney parlour, it is the last he makes on the Coliseum stage. Which must cramp the style of one or two comedians even of the present day!

As it takes a good deal to shock me, and I can enjoy a Rabelaisian joke—provided it is funny—I rather regret the mad and bad old days of the music-hall when Marie Lloyd, with the flicker of an eyelid, could suggest unutterable things; Dan Leno was funny and only occasionally vulgar, and Bessie Bellwood was generally both. Yes, my brethren, those *were* days.

THE single turn is not so often seen nowadays, though Billy Bennett recalls the past. But he seems to prefer the "semi-legit" to the 'alls, as witness his forthcoming return to London in a revue called *Charivaria*—a thoroughly bad title, incidentally, because so many people will funk pronouncing so foreign a word. The usual opening dinner-party gambit, "Have you seen ——" will more likely end with Bobby Howes than Billy Bennett when the latter's show comes to Town, if only for the reason that *Mr. Cinders* is safe to pronounce and *Charivaria* isn't!

BUT I am wandering from the Coliseum to the Adelphi and a theatre not yet fixed. Let me say I nearly always enjoy an evening at the Coliseum, and feel no desperate wish to sample the bottles at the bar except when the curtain rises on a scene which generally includes startling wallpaper, a standard lamp (alight), and a grand piano at which sits a young woman in evening dress, while others of both sexes are dotted about the stage, and I know for certain that one will play the piano, another sing, yet one further will extract noises from a violin, while the papa of the party will toy with a 'cello. Frankly, those old-fashioned musical evenings at home drive me mad!

OTHER turns often seen which do not altogether please me are the plays and sketches—a modern innovation, because in days past they were forbidden. In a house so vast as the Coliseum I regard them as a mistake, even though acted by celebrities such as Harris (H. H.) has pictured in these pages, because it is almost impossible—to use the vernacular—to put them across. But with these exceptions—entirely personal prejudice—I can enjoy an evening here very much indeed, for the reason that these variety programmes *are* varied and the cleverness of many of the performers is undoubted.

"The Circle of Chalk" at the New

The Circle of Chalk, which Basil Dean presents and has produced at the New Theatre, reminds me very much of a quaint play produced some years ago called *The Yellow Jacket*, which, however, was more artlessly amusing and less consciously arty.

ON occasions I am not sure whether Basil Dean is deliberately or inadvertently pulling our legs. For instance, the figure and personality of Bruce Winston is not one which can be disguised, and yet he has been cast to double two parts. First he appears as a eunuch, the proprietor of a bawdy house, to which the heroine is sold as a daughter of joy, while, later on, he appears as a venal judge with the power of life and death in his hands! Is this intended as ironic humour on the part of Basil Dean?

BUT though Bruce Winston is cast for a couple of fat parts, yet it is on Anna May Wong, the heroine, that this play succeeds or fails. This attractive Chinese artist has, I understand, made a big name for herself on the films, and she appears here for the first time as an actress—as distinct from a film star. Does she succeed?

HER movements are beautiful—especially when she dances, but I cannot class her as in any way a great actress. The part is a long one, and she plays it somewhat monotonously, but what is worse is her voice. It comes as a shock to one—a shock from which one never recovers—to listen to a harsh nasal twang emitted from a figure of ancient china—and as lovely as ancient china—which Columbus surely never could have heard, or he would have declined to discover America. No wonder—if this is the average film star's voice—that the talkie pictures from U.S.A. are an offence to the ear!

THIS attempt on the part of Anna May Wong to become a star in a different firmament will not, I trust, be copied in other walks of life. Otherwise it is possible we may see Lord Melchett buying and editing *The Church Times*; Mr. G. K. Chesterton becoming the ruler of the King's Navee; Lady Astor dispensing drinks; and Lord Balfour producing a revue!

THERE is quite a lot of fascinating music in this play, provided by Ernest Irving, but the company on the whole possess more histrionic than vocal power, and do not do justice to the latter. Laurence Olivier, for instance, has a fine speaking voice, but he is no song-bird. Only Frank Cochrane—who for years on end was buried in *Chu Chin Chow*—suggested that, whether acting or singing, he was happy in his dual *rôles*.

IF Sir John Martin-Harvey really means what he threatens, his peregrinations round London suburbs and the provinces will soon end. Still, I hope we shall see him once more after he has fulfilled his contract in making a film, and when he returns from Canada, which Dominion he visits in the summer.

SIR JOHN—like Matheson Lang—is an actor who does not pooh-pooh the provinces. He realises that intelligence in audiences is not solely concentrated in London, and that, in addition to intelligence, there is money to be made there. Incidentally, far more money than in the capital, where theatre rentals take so big a slice out of any potential profits.

LONDON should be pleased to welcome Lynne Overman when he returns to the Lyric Theatre next week in *Little Accident*, an American comedy which I hope is as funny as *Getting Married*, and much funnier than *Over the Sticks*, the two plays in which he has previously appeared here. Overman is the Hugh Wakefield of the American stage, and can rival the English actor in the portrayal of "sozzledom" without causing the slightest offence to anyone.

THOSE lofty-browed lovers of the drama who consider that Shakespeare is but a poor fish compared with some of our modern dramatists will be anxiously awaiting the stage presentation of a play in six scenes, and an epilogue by Karel and Josef Capek entitled "Adam, the Creator," which has been published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

OF course, as in all Capek dramas, the characters are far removed from the Smith or Jones of Tooting type. Adam, Eve and Lilith figure in the play, and the voice of God is heard.—Equally, of course, there are some scenes of real beauty. Here is an extract from one scene which speaks for itself.

Lilith: A-dam. How funny! Adam. You know I'd have liked some other name better. Wait a minute; I must tidy your hair. Haven't you a comb? Ow, something's biting me!

Adam: It's only a flea, Lilith.

Lilith: See how it jumps! Show me if you can jump like that!

Palpably a rival to the famous insect drama, and one which teems with poetical ideas! V. W.

BY JACK GREENALL

"Present-day clothes have a splendid finish, haven't they, dear?"
"Yes, but the starting price is something awful"

it gossip

THE MERRY WIDOW HAT AGAIN

One of the latest ideas in beach suits includes a straw hat of pre-war proportions. The pyjamas are in two-toned crêpe de Chine, with corset effect on the bodice

NOBODY particularly wants to make his way out to Richmond at eight o'clock in the evening of a cold night in March. But I would quite happily have ventured twice the distance to see the International Ice Hockey there recently between England and Switzerland (the St. Moritz Ice Hockey Club). I know nothing about ice hockey, and so I must leave the technical description to others more able to cope with it, but I will yield to no one in my enthusiasm for the game now that I have seen it. It is the fastest game in the world, I am told, and so I was not surprised to see that apparently with a team of eight only six play at a time, leaving two spares to come on when a player gets winded. The indomitable and tireless English team, mostly from the United Services, won by eight goals to three.

S

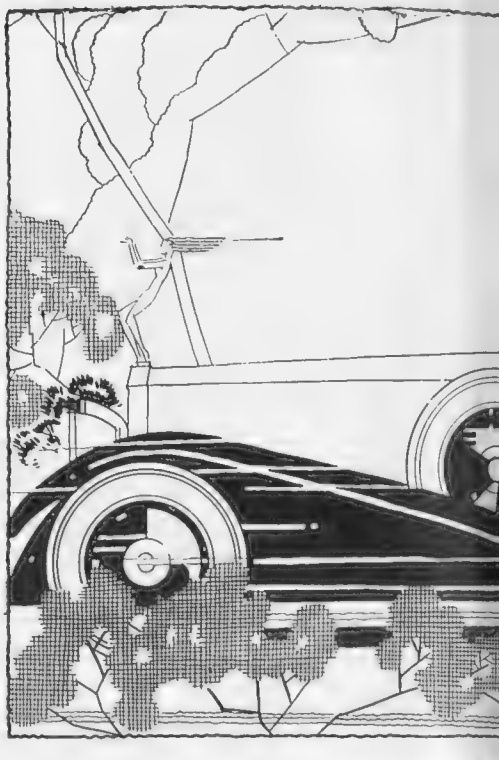
I WAS especially struck by the absolutely passive face of Mr. Speechly (Cambridge) as he saved goal after goal, as opposed to M. Mathy, the Swiss goalkeeper, who was pathetically hurt as each "puk" found its way past him into the corner of the net.

S

OF the club itself one could say a lot. The Herculean Mr. Forbes-Bassett, of the Richmond Rugby team, showed me round and introduced me to Sir Alfred Barker, chairman of the company, Mr. A. B. Craig, the managing director, and to Mr. Williams, the ex-amateur skating champion.

S

SOSO's Bar is always an amusing place to visit at lunch time or six o'clock, and the staff were the important people at the Freak Party the other week. The other night I saw Davy Burnaby, of Co-Ops. fame, talking very busily and trying to avoid the attentions of Babe Barnato's lovely Alsatian, which is, I am told, the only dog that is allowed in Soso's. Rumour says that the dog rescued M. Soso from a snowdrift in the recent cold weather.



"What do you think of my new car
"Splendid! How many pedestrians

Jean Colin, who is the leading lady in new play at the London Hippodrome. She is starring in "The Five O'Clock Girl," the musical show that succeeds "That's a Good Girl"

We Hear

Ronald?"
do you do to the gallon?"

By J. Greenall

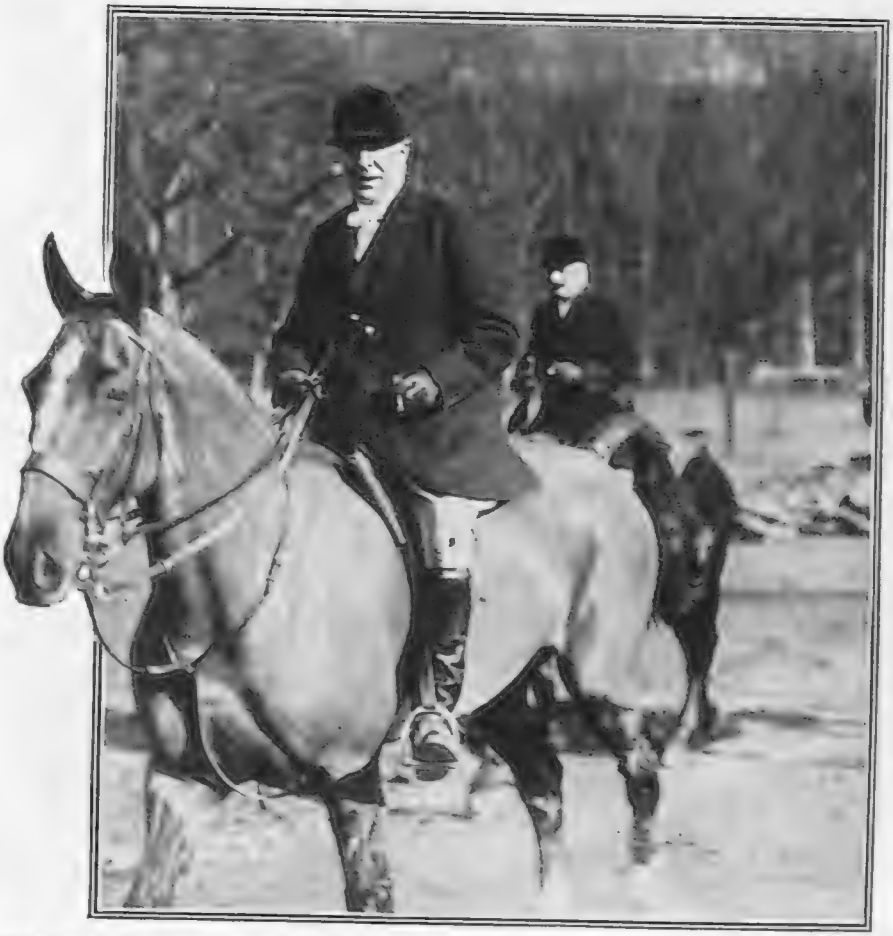
Tailors are as patriotic as any other section of the community, and no matter how greatly the sight of His Royal Highness wearing a soft collar and shirt and a dark pull-over with a dinner jacket and evening dress trousers may have wrung their sartorial withers, not one word of reproach or remonstrance did they utter. The Prince, they say, is a law unto himself in such matters, and tactfully leave it at that. When the Prince appeared a little time ago in an overcoat with a dark astrakhan collar his example was followed so eagerly that Bond Street looked like the Novski Prospect, so numerous were the overcoats adorned in this fashion. Whether his imitators in the matter of evening dress will be quite so numerous is, however, quite another matter.

JIX is still struggling hard to stem the tide of criticism he let loose by his recent speeches on behalf of

MRS. MELVILLE can also be found there very often, although she has only just come out of the hands of the surgeons. She is a great friend of Mrs. Heald, Lady Angela Forbes's daughter, who has the most lovely reddish-gold hair.

MR. DAVID PLUNKET GREENE, that gigantic young man (he owns to 6ft. 7½in.) and husband of Mrs. Arthur Bendir's daughter, has arranged a big party to spend Easter at Pangbourne, where his mother has taken a fifteenth-century watermill for the summer, and converted it into the most charming riparian retreat. He is a great friend of Miss Carstairs, who made such a gallant attempt last year to bring back the British International Motor Boat Trophy for England. It is a touching sight to see Miss Carstairs (5ft. 1in.) dancing with this young man. Miss Carstairs is going out again this year to compete in the vastly bigger and improved boat she is building in her own sheds at Southampton. There seems to be very little doubt that the B.I. Trophy will adorn her rooms by the end of the year.

THE Prince of Wales recently caused a considerable flutter in the breasts of those gentry of Savile Row and Sackville Street who tell us what a well-dressed man should wear.



The Duke of Westminster out with the hounds at the Ferme de la Lande. He is seen returning through the forest after the meet

JIX AND HIS [illegible] NENTS

Dora who, although he assures us is a corpse, still contrives to walk the earth after eight o'clock every night with painful regularity. At a meeting of Conservative M.P.s held in the House last week, the Home Secretary explained more in anger than in sorrow, that some of his remarks had been torn from their context for the purpose of the campaign against him and used to distort the whole tone of his speech. He seemed to regard the action as very fishy, but whether it was of the red herring variety he did not say—and after the way in which he introduced the question of shop assistants' hours as a defence of his attitude, one would imagine that his knowledge of red herrings and their uses is unequalled.

DRAWN BY SCHUS

"How on earth did your husband get that bad cold?"
"Oh, he slept under horse blankets on his camping trip."

THE truth of the matter is that, as far as Dora is concerned, Jix is jealous of any adverse criticism. Dora is an old lady who has been adopted and cherished by the Home Secretary to such an extent that she might almost be said to be his own property, and he is very naturally resentful of any interference with her. But before he turns to rend those who are seeking to bring about the death of his cherished companion he really ought to think of a remark recently made by a Cabinet Minister. The gentleman in question announced with great firmness that "the old days of the right of every man to do what he likes with his own are a relic of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and will not work in the twentieth." How on earth can he grumble, then, if he is not allowed to do as he likes with his own dear Dora?

"Once for all—*will* you
"The 'once' is all right,

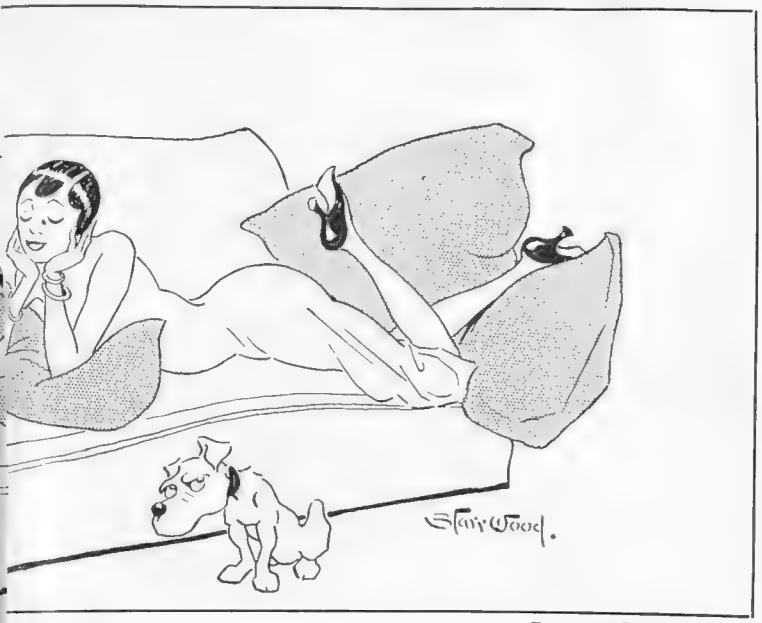
AN artist whose work is creating considerable attention is George Whitelaw who, though he has lived in London for many years, still retains a Glaswegian accent which has always created considerable attention. If you want to know what is the last word in fashion you have only to glance at the habiliments which conceal his manly form, for these would even gain encomiums from the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*. There will shortly be published a coloured double page of celebrities sketched from life at a boxing match at the National Sporting Club, which is about the best piece of work he has done yet.

THE Medical Research Council's attack on the benefits to be gained from the use of ultra-violet rays come at the very time that reports stated that the King had benefited by the use of these very rays which the Council condemn. It is funny how the dear old gentlemen of the medical world always turn stern,

HONOURING A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN

A photograph taken at the dinner recently given to the veteran Sir Claude Champion-de-Crespigny by British sportsmen and sportswomen. Those standing are: Lady Allenby (left), Sir Claude Champion-de-Crespigny, Lord Decies, the Chairman, Lady de Crespigny, and Field-Marshal Lord Allenby

THE MEDICAL [illegible] IL AND MUSTARD BATHS



DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

marry me?"
but I won't swear to the 'for all.'"

reproving glances on anything that savours to them of quackery—and by quackery I mean, of course, anything which they do not fully understand or practice themselves.

Osteopathy, for instance, although recognised and largely practised in America, where every big sports club has its own osteopath, is still calmly dismissed as quackery or little better by the bigoted bigwigs of our own country. Bearing this in mind, I am inclined to take the latest outpouring of the Council with a pinch of salt—though not with the mustard bath, which they say is as good as the ultra-violet ray. If I had to choose between the two I should favour the one which would not give me a yellow streak!

MANY M.P.s are wondering fearfully what will be their fate at the coming General Election, but if the flapper vote counts for anything Sir John Ganzoni—one of the latest baronets—should hold his seat at Ipswich, for his genial temperament is one which appeals to women—especially young ones!

Very little is heard of Sir John in debate. I believe that he has not spoken more than twice since his election in 1914, but he has done admirable work on committees, as well as the Parliamentary Secretary (unpaid) to the Postmaster-General. That this job carries with it no hard cash is not likely to cause him embarrassment, for Sir John is well endowed with this world's goods, and, I believe, lost a large legacy through not marrying before he was thirty. He remains unmarried though now in the forties. In appearance he is a "stout fellah." His recreation is still lawn tennis.

I SUPPOSE Sir Claude Champion-de-Crespigny, who looked even more Norman than his name, at the dinner in his honour at the Piccadilly Hotel, will challenge me to a duel if I suggest that he is hardly an eloquent speaker. But he has always been a man of deeds rather than of words, though he did write a book of reminiscences as straight-to-the-point as himself. He had some interesting things to say, however, and was hardly as blunt as Lord Decies, the chairman, who, in referring to Lady de Crespigny, who was present, marvelled that she had been "able to stick it for fifty-six years." Lord Allenby, who was sitting next to her, bowed and smiled.

It was a very British gathering, and it was a thousand pities that Lord Lonsdale wasn't present. I felt we ought to be eating boiled turbot and roast beef and apple pie and drinking beer and port. Sole, disguised with strange sauce, chicken, still more wondrously disguised, with heads of baby asparagus, and a variety of French appurtenances seemed wholly out of the picture, until Harry Preston, with whom was quite a platoon of guests, sent round "the old and bold."

Maurice Evans as he appears in "Journey's End," at the Savoy Theatre. As Second-Lieut Raleigh, the young officer consumed with nerves, he gives a supremely realistic performance

"MERRY MERRY" at the CARLTON THEATRE

The top photograph shows Peggy O'Neil with the chorus, whose energetic and clever dancing contribute so materially to the success of "Merry Merry." Below, Peggy O'Neil is seen as the young actress who pretends to have a rib broken by an admirer, played by A. W. Baskcomb, seen talking to Cecil Cunningham as the head nurse. W. H. Berry, complete with whiskers, poses as a local medico

FILM NOTES

Edna Murphy and Guinn Williams in a scene from "My Man"

"MY MAN"

THE SUCCESSFUL NEW "TALKIE" AND SINGING FILM AT THE REGAL

THIS film brings to the screen for the first time a female Al Jolson in the person of Fannie Brice, who not only sings half a dozen or more of the songs with which her name is identified, but also plays the principal part in a story which has been built around her personality, the genesis of which is the song that gives the title to the film

Fannie Brice and Billy Seay, who plays her eight-year-old brother in the same film

TALKIE and singing films will doubtless bring to the screen singers who hitherto have left it severely alone. Miss Fannie Brice is well known in America as a singer and comedienne, and the story of "My Man," now showing at the Regal, Marble Arch, is built around her song of that name.

❊

FANNIE, who mothers her sister and small brother, works in a New York theatrical costume factory, where she entertains her friends with her songs and antics. Of course she falls in love! But he is an indolent youth. She gives him shelter and finds him a job, and finally wins a very reluctant proposal of marriage from him. On the eve of her marriage she discovers her sister in his arms—and that is that! Although despairing, she turns to her singing and becomes a marvellous success on the stage. Through it all she never loses her sense of humour.

A close-up of Fannie Brice in cheerful mood

❊

IT is the old story of the rise of a girl from a tenement dwelling to be the acknowledged queen of a continent . . . the sort of story Americans appear to demand with a palate which never palls. However, the story is well told and is not too sentimental, and Fannie Brice's acting is very natural. She has a pleasing personality and when she sings—she has six numbers in all—her voice rings true. This Warner Brothers Vitaphone film, which has just started a run, should, I think, be even more popular than "The Singing Fool" proved to be.

F. McP.

GOING the round of films as we critics do, it becomes more and more obvious that the old favourites who once stood at the top of the tree are being rapidly superseded by such rising young stars as Marion Davies, Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, and many others, both male and female, whose names would take too long to put down on paper.

❊

THE public seem to demand a lighter touch than Pauline Frederick, Lilian Gish, or even Norma Talmadge

can achieve. That does not mean to say that the more serious films in which Camilla Horn, Vilma Banky, and Greta Garbo play the lead are not popular, and also the "problem" picture will always draw a large audience. But even in these cases the heavier type of actress does away with any unnecessary "heroics," and makes of her part a normal, interesting study.

❋

Our great-grandparents, we are told, would hold up their hands in horror at the "sex rubbish" which is to be seen on the screen to-day, and which is held responsible by so many (especially those to do with the law) for the crimes and unpleasantnesses that overcrowd our newspapers from time to time.

❋

Whether this is really so, who can say, but when producers have to turn out films with such terrifying rapidity it is hardly surprising that sex topics are not avoided. Anyway, when one comes down to rock bottom, is there a story in everyday life regaled to one by friend or foe that does not have some connection with the eternal man or woman?

❋

Perhaps the serious productions are inclined to depict the more seamy side of life in a manner that is occasionally bordering on the unsavoury, but no one could find such a fault with "Rose-Marie," the movie version of the famous musical show, which has found its first home at the Empire.

❋

The story is of necessity altered considerably, but provides ample opportunity for some fierce struggles, wonderful mountain scenery, and altogether delightful acting on the part of attractive Joan Crawford. When one takes into consideration that two years ago she was absolutely unknown, one can only envy this little lady's very real talent, and wish her the great success she deserves.

❋

Her Rose-Marie is a thing of joy from start to finish. Roguish, sorrowful, tender, she holds one completely, and, what is more to her credit, without the aid of beautiful clothes. Just a simple blouse and skirt, and a man's shirt and trousers, these are her only aids to cultivated beauty, and she needs no others.

❋

Playing opposite her as the bold young hero "Jeem," as she calls him, is James Murray, who was an "extra" until King Vidor discovered him, and starred him in "The Crowd." Since then he has done very well, fully proving himself worthy of the producer's confidence.

This film is fortunate in having a splendid cast, mostly composed of the stronger sex, of whom Gibson Gowland, an Englishman, gives the most outstanding performance.

Auberon.

An Amateur Show

The Civil Service Dramatic Society are to be congratulated upon their boldness, and, in daring the possible invidious comparisons with Sir Gerald du Maurier's talented company, in playing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," so soon, comparatively, after it has been withdrawn from the St. James's Theatre. It is all the more daring since the society is quite young, this being, I believe, its fourth presentation.

The play was very well staged and admirably produced. All the cast may be sincerely congratulated in having come through a somewhat onerous ordeal. The one thing, however, that amateurs should learn is pose. It is somewhat destroying to an illusion if in a love scene the leading lady sits placidly listening to the exhortations of her lover with her hands crossed on her knees. On the whole, minor characters came out of the play best.

The play was produced by Mr. C. J. Tate, O.B.E.

AMATEURS IN "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"

The Civil Service Dramatic Society boldly produced "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" at the Scala Theatre on March 11th and 12th. The scene above represents Mr. Blake Greenwood (Lord Dilling), Miss J. Crisp (Mrs. Cheyney), Miss E. Harwood (Mrs. Ebley), and Mr. C. Galpin, D.S.O. (Lord Elton), in one of the great moments of the play

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

BY H. H. HARRIS

Lady Astor and Miss Ellen Wilkinson enjoy a friendly cup of tea

"O, LOVELY

A flask of wine beneath the palm tree's bough
Brings solace to a weary traveller now ;

BY PUYS

Y NIGHT!"

And passing caravans remark with grief
"The Moon is full—O, Abdul, so art thou!"

With apologies to Omar Khayyám

Out of the Blue

50's Decorated Tin
(as illustrated) 2'6
100's Tin 4'10
150's Tin 7'3

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

NCC 542

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

HOPE AGAINST HOPE

by Stella Benson

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

All those who have had the misfortune to be attended during convalescence by one of those nurses who "mean well" will recognise the type portrayed so vividly in the powerful story by this well-known novelist

WARD CLARK thought, "Really, women shouldn't be allowed to live beyond the age of about thirty—unmarried women, at any rate." He watched Miss Hope coming across the terrace, carrying a little tray towards him. Miss Hope-against-hope he called her, because there was something so senselessly hopeful about the large and rather fine slate-coloured eyes behind her glasses. Directly she saw that he was looking at her she made a little arch backward movement with the back of her neck, tucking her chin in, like a lizard when it sees a fly.

Her hair was of an uncertain dust colour. One could imagine the kind of clothes, thought Clark, that she would choose to suit that hair—unobtrusive, ladylike clothes, navy blue probably, black stockings, a neat black bow at the throat, a neat black bow at the instep. But now, of course, she was dressed in the garb of her profession—"trim" it was always called—quiet blue linen with stiff white collar and cuffs, a white winged handkerchief round her head, allowing only one loop of her dull hair to be seen over one temple.

"You naughty man," said Hope-against-hope. "You didn't take your medicine I poured out for you after breakfast. And now I've brought you your eggnog, and it won't mix! Well . . . you ought to be well smacked . . ."

Ward Clark did not answer. He did not even stretch his lips to the smile that politeness demanded as a reaction to such roguishness. He had ceased to mind hurting his nurse's feelings. Besides, as far as he could see, she hadn't any.

"I climbed down the steps on to the beach . . . such pretty little . . . very like our Cornish thyme . . . and running up and down on the wet . . . Oh, you would have laughed . . . little birds . . . oh, I stood and laughed . . . running so fast, like toys . . . an old fisherman said they were called Ri-ti-ti . . . Ri-ti-ti—isn't it *killing?* . . ." She stood leaning towards him, with both her hands flat on the table, turned in like ungainly feet, her eyes burning intensely at his face, imploring him to laugh. Clark gave a slight snort and withdrew his eyes from hers. He heard her sigh. Fun evidently would not do. She looked about the bright sun-dappled terrace, as he was looking. The mountain rose so tall and velvet-grey behind the hotel that it seemed like a lowering thunder sky until one's eye caught the peak, brittle and gold-rimmed, against a pearl-blue cloudlessness far above the chimneys. "Oh, what weather!" said Miss Hope, clenching her fists and jaws. "Doesn't it make you *thrill* to be alive?" He felt his flesh creep as she looked at him wistfully. He was conspicuously refraining from thrilling to be alive.

"D'you see that man over there sitting near the windows?" she said (and Clark could almost hear her thoughts: "Well, we'll see if a little gossip will rouse him.") "Well, his name is Jawge Dawkins, and he comes from China. *China*—just think how . . . Oh, how thrilling it must be to travel! . . ."

Ward Clark carefully looked away from Mr. Dawkins, out over the merry speckled sea. To his astonishment he heard the indomitable Miss Hope draw a chair across the gravel to his side and sit down. "Mustn't it be wonderful," she said, "to live in *China* . . . it makes you *thrill* to think . . . Last night I was sitting reading my . . . and he was at the next table talking to the . . . Oh, my, Mr. Clark, you should have heard the . . . well, all about brigands and temples and rickshaws and . . . you know . . . all matter-of-fact—as if they were just everyday things . . . well, of course, they *are* to him . . ."

Clark's eyes were drawn by a morbid fascination from the sea to his tormentor. Her chin, he thought, looked too soft, as if it had been boned like a chicken; all its flesh trembled as she talked. He gnawed his nails moodily as he lay staring at her. He felt justified in despising her, since he thought of himself as a reasonable-looking and still young man, in spite of the fact that he was older than she was, that his nose was a little crooked, and that baldness ran up like a boulevard to the crown of his head between two thinned thickets of fair curly hair. Still, he felt himself a man—what a man ought to be—and knew her to be absurdly faded and virgin—exactly what a woman ought not to be. Of course, he was an assiduous reader of Mr. Aldous Huxley.

In spite of his efforts not to flatter her by attention to what she was saying, Ward Clark could not help letting his eyes rest on Mr. George Dawkins for a moment. He saw a thin-nosed, wide-eyed man, some fifty years old, with a very noticeable trick of sniffing. When he sniffed he twitched up his upper lip to disclose large teeth, making the apologetic snarling grimace a dog makes when a friend touches a wounded part of its body. His sniff was a sort of punctuation, and made every action seem like a significant parenthesis. He sniffed when he turned a page of his newspaper, or spoke to the waiter, or looked out admiringly over the polished sea. He sniffed twice as he was joined by a pretty young girl who came out of one of the French windows of the hotel.

"That's his daughter," said Miss Hope, pleased to see that the angle of her patient's head now expressed a slight awakening of interest. "Pretty little thing, isn't she? . . . but rather a *meaningless* face . . . if you know what I mean . . . I always think an *interesting* face is so much more attractive than a *pretty, empty* face . . . don't you know what I mean? I remember when I used to live with my dear stepmother and she found me crying one day over . . . and she said, 'Now, Agnes . . . you've got a face full of *character*,' she said, 'that'll be a hundred times more useful to you than *curls* and *cream* . . .' That's what she said . . . *curls* and *cream* . . . I've never forgotten that . . ."

"I've left my pocket handkerchief upstairs, nurse," blurted Clark. "Would you mind . . ." The fact that this jelly-faced, faded creature should have her vanity made him feel almost sick. With a glowering eye he followed her retreat across the terrace towards the vine-shaded windows. At the table of George Dawkins the fantastically confident woman actually paused and made a Social Advance. "Lovely day, isn't it? Doesn't this weather make you positively *thrill* to be alive?"

MR. DAWKINS, between sniffs, made some obviously affable reply—even rubbing his hands together in a complacent gesture of *thrill*. "How *can* he?" thought Ward Clark. "It's so *bad* for her." It would have been difficult to explain why. When Miss Hope had gone indoors the Dawkins daughter looked after her with a hoarse giggle, in which Mr. Dawkins did not join. Miss Dawkins's eye, rendered homeless, as it were, by her father's unresponsiveness, met Clark's curious look across the terrace. She rose at once and made a coy, devious way towards Clark. She approached sidelong the terrace balustrade and leaned her hip against it, looking self-consciously from the invalid to the sea and back again. "Lovely weather, isn't it?" she said with her husky, short giggle. "Shame you can't be up to enjoy it."

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Ward Clark's face lit up. "It is rather a shame, isn't it?" he said happily. "Especially as I'm a bit of a golf maniac. But it's my own fault I'm laid up. I can't blame anyone at all—I would if I could." He went on eagerly to tell her of his own rather picturesque rashness in riding a steeplechase on an untried horse, of his accident—three broken ribs and double pneumonia . . .

"Oo lor," said Miss Dawkins, now sitting on the end of his *chaise-longue*. "How you men *dare* to do such things!—I'd be simply terrified . . . I knew a boy in Shanghai who used to . . ."

Ward Clark watched with real delight her short, well-cut, painted upper lip moving as she spoke. He never would have thought an upper lip could be lovely that was so short that it twitched the tip of the nose slightly every time the mouth closed. Yet there it was—positively delightful. And her eyes, too, the way they looked at him as though pleading merrily for his permission to be rather silly every time she told him something about herself. For their talk rapidly resolved itself into the amiable battle of egoisms that is characteristic of all talk between men under forty and women under twenty. Neither was impressed by anything the other said, yet each was delighted with the general effect, and felt that something interesting was being made known. "My dad said, 'Bess, you've driven that boy fairly crazy—I can't move a step in the house without falling over him.' . . . A fellow called Bernard on the Stock Exchange—and they know a thing or two, those fellers—and he said, 'Damn it all, Clark, how *do* you *do* it—I'd have had to pay at least fifteen shillings a bottle for it.' . . . 'Not a bit of it, old man,' I said. 'If you'll let me give you a word of advice . . .' I suppose I'm silly and fastidious, but I simply can't *pretend* about that kind of thing—I just blurt out . . . I know, I'm like that too; I used to get into no end of trouble with——"

"Here's ya hankie, mister," said Miss Hope's bright voice behind him. "*Do* you know what happened? I got up into that room and I simply *couldn't* remember what I'd come for—*too* killing—I simply stood gaping. I got hold of your clothes-brush and gaped at it as if I was . . . I'm sure the *fam-de-chombe* must have thought I was *raving mad*. . . . She happened to . . . now what *did* I come for? I said—and then all at once. . . . Oh, I see you've got a nice companion now—a little lady from China to talk to. . . . Well, I'll leave you to have a nice . . . and don't forget ya eggnog again, you naughty man . . . and I'll just hop up and do a little . . ."

She entered the house at the same French window as before, and the back of her neck made the same lizard-like *moué* as before towards the Dawkins' table. But Mr. George Dawkins was no longer there.

Bessie Dawkins gave her curious croaking giggle. "What a *priceless* person. . . ."

"Oh, God," said Ward Clark. "She ought to have been drowned at birth." But, of course, if he had given a little thought to the matter he would have modified his pronouncement. Actually twenty-nine is the age at which

[illegible] d be drowned, if I under-st[illegible] ge[illegible] oung man correctly. Miss Daw[illegible] sai[illegible] r some time yet. She was only nineteen.

"I won[illegible] *word* against a woman," she said. "I don't kno[illegible] ere you men get the idea us women are always ca[illegible] each other. I do admire women who go out and earn [illegible]eir living most *frightfully*—I mean I really *do* . . . I wish Dad would let me do it myself, but since Mum died—d'you know what he says? He says—it's too killing of him—he says, 'No, no, Bess, you're far too pretty. . . . I *do* think it's *too* tiresome of the men to run after a girl that only wants to be let alone. . . . Though, as I often say, I love to have plenty of men friends, only somehow just when I get to know a boy really well he always gets silly and falls passionately in love with me."

WARD CLARK hung on her lips. The only drawback to what she was saying was that it prevented him (but only temporarily, of course) from telling her something that he was convinced would interest her very much—a story about his buying a horse against the advice of his horsy brother-in-law, a horse which most marvellously justified his prescience by winning . . . etc. . . . etc. And so the amiable contest went on.

"Ooo, look," presently said Bessie, interrupting a rather good story. By sitting up rather carefully in his chair Clark could just see over the terrace balustrade, down through the pine trees on the slope to the spot on the beach at which Miss Dawkins's finger was pointed.

There, striding up and down near the waving silver margin of the sea, were Miss Agnes Hope and Mr. George Dawkins, looking eagerly into each other's faces as they strode. His hand was gesticulating emphatically—one could imagine that he was sniffing like a dog on a trail, but, of course, one couldn't hear this. The enchanted exclamations uttered by Miss Hope could, however, be heard, rising rather sweetly and remotely above the faint, brittle noise of little waves breaking.

It almost seemed as if the eyes of the two watchers on the terrace had touched some spring in the attention of the ardent talkers on the shore. They swerved, still talking, still twisting their shoulders to face each other, towards the steps among the pines and disappeared.

"Your unlucky parent . . ." groaned Ward Clark. "He little knows . . ."

STORY

" Oh, Dad loves everyon[illegible] daughter.

And, suitably enough, Mr. Da[illegible]s [illegible]ove as he came within earshot at the [illegible]ier [illegible]terrace. " I love my boys," he was saying. " [illegible]no denying charm to the Chinese—they certa[illegible]nly [illegible]e charm. Young or old—it's all the same. . . . I wou[illegible] exchange an evening spent among educated Chinese [illegible]en and lads for one in any company. . . . I love my lads . . . both as pupils and as friends . . ."

Ward Clark gave a slight concealed snort. He disliked schoolmasters almost as much as he disliked plain women.

Miss Hope looked with a dreamy and almost loving look towards her unresponsive patient. " I've had such a *thrilling* stroll," she said in a surprisingly subdued voice. " Oh, my *dear* Mr. Clark—the *things* I've heard . . . Just like a story book . . . Now I must introduce you two . . ."

Mr. Dawkins drew up his chair and, catching the waiter's eye across the terrace, called " Boy," and asked Clark to name his.

" Not, at any rate, a missionary," sighed Ward Clark, secretly feeling like a lamb to which the wind has only been rather ineffectually tempered.

" He hasn't finished his eggnog yet," said Miss Hope absently. Clark listened, his exasperated ears stretched for the inevitable roguish "Naughty man." It did not come. Miss Hope's dark, patient eyes glowed through her glasses at Mr. Dawkins's face. " Do go on with what you were saying," she said.

Mr. Dawkins went on, in a competent tenor voice interrupted only by an energetic sniff from time to time. It was obvious, even to the reluctant Clark, that everything that he spoke of was very vivid to his own remembering senses. He drew very few morals, in spite of being a schoolmaster. Nearly everything that he said was told from the point of view of his own eyes and ears. A Chinese dinner party . . . the splashed tablecloth . . . chopsticks nuzzling and biting in the common bowl like storks' beaks . . . the bright, friendly, lidless eyes . . . the harsh, sing-song talk, never ironic, never careless . . . the clamour of servants uncouthly pushing dishes between guests' shoulders . . . the far howl of the cook announcing the readiness of a new course . . . .

" I can see now," said Miss Hope presently in a pause, " that what thrills one about *abroad* is imagining oneself *at home* in it . . . not strange . . . not surprised . . ."

Ward Clark gaped at her. Her voice was quite quiet, her words thoughtful. He suddenly drank the rest of his eggnog as a sort of reward to her for speaking so sensibly. Mr. Dawkins said, " It is not often that a garrulous traveller finds such a sympathetic and imaginative audience for his yarns. . ." He leaned over Clark and tapped him lightly on the diaphragm, sniffing impressively before he said, " Let me tell you, sir, you're a lucky man to be nursed through a wearisome convalescence by a woman of imagination. . . . It's a very rare thing—imagination — among professional women—and men, too, for the matter of that. . . ."

" Oh, get along," said Miss Hope, crimson with pleasure. " You'll never get my patient to believe all that. Why, his very *eye* scares all the fancy out of me . . ."

" Oh, I see—you've got a nice companion now—a little lady from China to talk to "

Ward Clark, who was a healthy man, was well enough in ten days to walk quietly about by the side of his unloved attendant. He might not as yet risk the steep steps down through the pine slopes to the beach, but from the terrace he could walk a little way along the top of the cliff —along the rather cultured little path that broadened every few yards to accommodate an " artistic " bench wherever the view was considered to be really fine. To Clark, upright at last after many weeks of illness, the ground seemed very near and the sea very tremendous and trance-like. Miss Hope, too, seemed to him in his weakness different, more stalwart, a staff of strength—if only, like a staff, she would permit herself to be laid aside, mercifully dumb, when not needed to support his steps.

" You sit on the bench, mister, and have a little rest. I shall sit on the dear moss—oh, the *feel* of it beneath my fingers." And by the way she threw herself down in a careless sitting position on the ground and straightened her knees and moved her toes in their neat, professional low shoes Clark could see, with the keen understanding of dislike, that she still saw herself as a sprawling girl and had not

learned to dissociate herself, as she should, from a calf-like impulsiveness of gesture. She even threw off her hat gaily, as if she had charming roughened curls beneath it, instead of a tortured mat of frizzed strands and hairpins. "One of the signs of a patient's convalescence," she said, as she spun the hat round on a finger before flinging it on the moss. "Now you're up and about I can come into your august presence like a human being instead of with that starchy napkin flapping about. D'you know why I *love* wearing nothing on my head? . . . You'll never guess—how should you—a mere . . . why, I'll tell you . . . I hate wearing hats and . . . because I hate to hide my best features . . . *There* now, aren't I a silly girl! . . . But it's not just fancy . . . I once won a prize for them—first prize at a Features Contest at a bazaar at . . . and besides that I've been complimented on . . . and——"

"On *what*—for God's sake?" Ward Clark could not restrain himself from saying in a furious voice, though he had been trying to pretend to read *Punch*.

"Well, look," said Miss Hope in an excited voice, and she pushed up a dangling frizzle of hair and showed her ear—a good ear enough, small and neat, but, to Clark, a great deal less than interesting. "I'm not vain," she said, "but I can't help knowing . . . it's seldom you see an ear anywhere near the Greek . . . I remember the judge at the bazaar showed me a plaster cast of . . ."

"Sorry I'm no judge," said Clark, so much revolted by all she said that he was almost amused. He looked forward to telling Bessie Dawkins about Hope-against-hope's One Claim to Beauty. He heard in imagination Bessie's low giggle and his own ironic voice. "Poor little Bessie," he thought, and a sort of glamour came over the face of earth and sky as he thought of her. He could no longer see her merely as an amusing flapper with a pretty mouth—for she had crowned herself with a secret halo by falling in love with him. It was obvious, though unspoken; her concealments were pathetically frail. Clark had outgrown most of the cruder forms of young conceit, and had never aspired to the *rôle* of lady-killer; his good sense regretted that the child should harrow her romantic affections to no purpose—yet there it was. She wore now, in his eyes, a special fragile charm, in spite of the fact that it never once occurred to him to fall in love with her. He had not the slightest intention of marrying, and, in any case, he was never in the least attracted by virgins. He simply felt a sort of deep, still, apologetic gentleness towards the afflicted Bessie, and everything that she said or did was heard or seen by him in a haze of glamorous—almost holy—tolerance. She could, indeed, do no wrong, since even her pettishnesses, her small violences of manner, her craving to exhibit her little soul, like her pretty little knees, to him, her efforts to rivet his interest on the oddities she so wistfully valued in herself—all these . . . s in that same garden of charm . . . un of her young passion for him. "D . . . he thought whenever he remembered her . . . was airly often. He had an uneasy conviction th . . . pected him to propose marriage to her, and was det . . . ned to be very, very careful to avoid hurting her little . . . ings more than was necessary. Good God, there was Hope-against-hope again—nagging at his attention as usual. She caught his ear, of course, by naming the radiant name Dawkins.

"Would you believe it—he noticed my ears . . . . The day I walked to the east point with him and we climbed out on the . . . . I had left my hat on the beach . . . . and he said, 'That's right, now I can see a very pretty sight, like a shell in floating seaweed' . . . . D'you know at first I was almost offended—I made a little face at him, because . . . . well, seaweed, you know . . . . not a very pretty . . . . but he showed me some brown seaweed in a pool among the . . . . it really *was* like a fairy tress of . . . . I was quite pleased then . . . . he *does* talk so well, doesn't he? . . . I remember he said that on the ship coming home through a very rough . . . . the waves *boiling in blue curls* against his porthole . . . . *boiling in* . . . . can't you see them . . . . with stormy sunlight showing through . . . . Oh, *my*—I should like to travel . . . . D'you know . . . . one so seldom meets *nobility*—it seems almost silly to say . . . . you know what I mean . . . . *noble* . . . . yet it does seem to me that one could use the word of . . . . don't you know what I mean—he could never be unkind or small . . . . or cynical . . . . or do anything he thought wasn't . . . . He is a *noble* person . . . . I *do* feel so proud to have made such a friend—because, you

(Continued on page 636)

"The fishermen spoke a dialect that Clark found great difficulty in understanding"

BY MORSOM

She : "*You know, you ought to look around for a wife*"
He : "*Too dangerous*"
She : "*Why ?*"
He : "*Her husband might come after me !*"

(*Continued from page 634*)

know—I really do think he looks on me as a . . . . you know what I mean—what schoolboys call a pal . . . . I'm so silly with you, Mr. Clark, because I'm frightened of you . . . . you're criticising all the . . . . but with *him* . . . . D'you know I dreamt about him last night . . . . wasn't it *killing?* . . . . in my dream he called me *Little Woman* . . . . he kept on saying it, *Little Woman, Little Woman* . . . . Oh, I—What's the matter, mister—shivering? Are you cold? "

"Yes," said Ward Clark. "Cold and a little sick. I think I'll start walking home."

He was moved to grind his teeth in a paroxysm of revulsion, as hatred showed him that the dream had been enchanting to her, and that the golden memory of it had filled her silly eyes with tears.

. . . . . .

THE Dawkinses were gone.

Ward Clark, his elbows on the sill of his bedroom window, watched the morning shadow of the mountain dwindle upon the sea, and thought of his parting with Bessie. He felt, glowingly, that the chapter was a pretty one in his life; he had been, he knew, kind and understanding, as befitted a man twenty years older than she was, dear little thing. Many men, he knew, would have taken advantage of the child's naïve vulnerability; some men would now be flattering themselves crudely on a small triumph. Short of proposing to the girl, Ward Clark felt that he could not have been more comforting and tactful to her than he had been. Poor little Bessie, her tender courage—so flattering to him—had stirred him. "You men do so well without women . . . . but if ever . . . ." Her large brown eyes had dazzled with tears. "You will write to me sometimes, Ward, won't you . . . . you don't know what it would mean to me . . . ." "Your post-bag's full already with letters from all your boy friends, my dear," Ward had smiled, reminding her gently to be vain—to look past her humiliation. "What about Guy and Tim and Wally and all the rest you told me about? Why, you won't even have time to open letters from an old crock like me." The memory of her look gave him an exquisite feeling—almost like a feeling of something accomplished. "I've plenty of boy friends," she said with a strangled giggle, and a modest manner of accepting his offer of dignity. "I'll probably marry Guy—goodness knows he's keen enough—so are several of my boy friends . . . . but I'll always remember my man friend . . . . Oh, Ward, good-bye, what a fool I am . . . ."

It was a good thing the father—and even the lamentable Hope-against-hope—had had the sense to keep out of the way, Clark thought. The little scene, so restrained, so perfect, so creditable to both participants, could so easily have been spoiled by interruption or facetiousness. He had, indeed, not seen Hope-against-hope since the early departure of the hotel 'bus in which the Dawkinses had gone to catch the train for Rome. Ward Clark had given them letters of introduction to friends in Rome—a city he knew well. He had drawn for Bessie a little map, showing her how to find a wonderful little restaurant where people in the know asked for a bottle of Number Twenty-two with the chill just off.

Half apologetically he caught himself enjoying the thought of how immediate would be his memory in her mind as she triumphed over the intricacies of the streets with the help of his map, and found the door he had described to her.

IT was past the time for his eggnog Though he was now scarcely an invalid, he still took no exercise before noon, and had only dressed this morning in order to see the Dawkinses off. He ought to have been lying on his *chaise-longue* on the terrace, but Miss Hope had not come in to "lay him out" (daily joke). He still felt enough of an invalid to be a little aggrieved against his nurse for her neglect.

The shadow of the mountain had climbed inshore from the sea, was almost swallowed up by the noon sun. The heads of the pine trees glistened a little in the heat; they were gathering their distorted shadows more closely round them as the sun climbed higher. Clark heard the sound [illegible] rare enough sound in the motor-h[illegible] his sophisticated hotel. He crossed to t[illegible] his room.

He saw an [illegible]t. Two local fishermen were driving in one of [illegible] farm carts of the country, behind a stout furr[illegible]. And on the back seat of the cart sat a distraught [illegible] disordered figure—Hope-against-hope—hatless—wet hair dripping round a neck to which still clung the limp remains of her neat collar—shoeless feet set, with toes turned in, in a pool of water on the cart's floor—knees grotesquely protruding from (oh, God!) a torn pink artificial silk petticoat, for she had no skirt on. Standing stiffly out round all this was a fisherman's coat, stiff as a basket, open like an anatomical sectional illustration to show every detail of its miserable human contents.

Ward Clark, aching with surprise and annoyance, hurried to the verandah to meet her. There was a twitter of astonishment from a waiter and two chambermaids as Miss Hope, her stony eyes fixed on nothing, stumbled from the cart between the two sheepish-looking fishermen.

"My *dear* Miss Hope . . . ." began Clark in a voice of repressed exasperation. She clutched at his shoulder without seeming to see it. He had to put his arm about her to steady her. She could not speak. She seemed abysmally unaware that she was his nurse and he her patient.

Clark could not wait to hear the fishermen's explanation; he had to support the staggering, dripping woman along the passage to her room. There he left her with the chambermaid while he hurried back to the verandah. He felt quite choked with excitement; his temperature, he was sure, had gone up. Oh, damn the woman—splashing her beastly personality all over the place—was she not paid to be a background?

THE head waiter—all the waiters now assembled on the verandah—had now mastered the facts. The fishermen spoke a dialect that Clark had great difficulty in understanding. He turned to the waiters. It seemed that the fishermen had been mending their nets on the shore when they had seen a woman run along the rocks of the east point and leap into the sea. They had launched their boat and reached her in a few minutes. They had found her clinging to the seaweed of the furthermost rock, trying to thrust herself under the sea—even trying, rather feebly, to beat her head against the rock. She had struggled to refuse help. "Na—na—na—," said the younger fisherman, throwing his head back, shutting his eyes, and shrieking through bared teeth as he imitated the woman's behaviour. The men feared that they had bruised her obstinate fingers in disengaging them from the weedy rocks. "She *held herself* to die," said the waiter in English.

"Good Lord, good Lord . . . ." groaned Clark, dazed with disgust. "What d'you think I ought to give these fellers? " he asked the head waiter.

"She harries me—she harries me . . . ." he thought. "Or do I mean harrows . . . ? "

She was up next day, the fingers of her left hand neatly bandaged, the rest of her form neatly clad once more in professional linen. Ward Clark found her with her pen poised stiffly over a blank sheet of notepaper. She had made no mark except some poor scribblings representing people coming out of the hotel depicted on the notepaper—little inky spiders straddling on the terrace.

"I'm going—I'm going . . . ." she said in a desperately mollifying voice.

Clark's precarious patience was almost overset at once. No thought for him or for her professional duties . . . . "Well, I should think you *had* better go home—it's obvious, isn't it? that you're not fit, nervously, for what you've undertaken. . . . Luckily I'm almost well—I'll telegraph to my sister to come out . . . . so you needn't worry about me. . . . But for God's sake, my dear woman—what happened? What on earth possessed you? Haven't you any dignity—any self-control? "

"Oh," said Miss Hope, and her pale mouth was pulled into a stiff grin. "Oh, how far away, how far away, men and women are from each other . . . ."

S. B.

PARIS GOSSIP

CHUK RADE and the PLAY

MARTIN. *Sketches by SCHUS*

VISITORS to Paris are often heard to complain that they never see a good-looking woman in the street. You may *not* see them in the street, but if you will drive any morning to the Bois de Boulogne, and walk along the Avenue des Acacias, and if you do not see dozens of smart girls and women, then you had better consult an eye-specialist. The time to walk is between twelve and one o'clock, and, when Spring is more advanced, between half-past six and half-past seven in the evening. Sunday morning there are a great many more people, of course, walking under the rows of acacias that are not yet in bloom. Four lines of motor cars drive up and down the avenue, their occupants looking to see who is walking the path, and those on the path looking to see who is riding in the cars or the smart little traps and dog-carts. On Sunday mornings, as soon as the young French, Spanish, and South American girls have left twelve o'clock Mass, by half-past twelve they are meeting their friends in the Avenue des Acacias, and making trouble as fast as they can talk. If you see a group of young girls who are both pretty and smart they are not French: they are South American. It is only the French married woman who is *chic*. Love must be grand, because the French *jeune fille* might be pretty if her parents allowed her the use of powder and lip-rouge; she generally dresses badly. In other words, she is kept on ice until her marriage, then WOW! The South American, particularly the Argentine and Chilean girls, are the best dressed in Paris. They are quite as strictly brought up as the French girls in their similar social standing. But I solved the mystery as to why the girls of *La Jeune Vie Parisienne* are seen so seldom in places of public entertainment: it is to prevent them from seeing their fathers out with "the other woman."

Mlle. Garde Gaaden, who is considered to be one of the prettiest girls in the Haller Revue now running in Paris

"Meeting their friends in the Avenue des Acacias"

BESIDES the growing crowds in the Avenue des Acacias, the Ritz, too, is showing signs of Spring. In the garden rose and blue hyacinths have been set out, to await the day when, at green tables and with striped parasols, lovely ladies in *imprimées* will order long cool drinks to match their frocks. But so far I hear no sounds of camphor calling for sable coats, one of which I saw on Madame Dubonnet. I wish Madame Dubonnet would do something about her name. I am so tired of informing visitors, "That is Madame Dubonnet who was Jean Nash." Just for contrast. . . . I saw in the Place Vendôme, the Princess Illyinski saying good-bye to her baby, and a strange-looking woman, who, my companion said, must be Radclyffe Hall. . . . On the Cambon side of the hotel, in the Wits' Grill, I saw Madame Sert, who designs the loveliest little trees of coral and jade and crystal, Ethel Levey and Earl Carrol, who were not, however, lunching together. Earl Carrol, you may perhaps remember, is the American theatrical producer who spent a year in prison because at an after-theatre party on the stage a chorus girl appeared in a bath-tub filled with wine. The fact that said girl wore no clothes did not bother the police; it was only because the tub contained wine. . . . It reminds me of the story of the woman who took her little boy to the circus, and the child, on seeing a hippopotamus for the first time, said: "Ain't that animal an ugly ——," whereupon his mother said reprovingly: "Haven't I told you never to say 'ain't'!"

THE Theatre des Champs Elysées, which, I think, is the most beautiful theatre in the world, may yet outlive its strange tradition of ill-luck. The chaste marble spaciousness of the theatre, the extraordinarily comfortable seats, the entirely and miraculously unobstructed view of the stage from every angle, and

the fact that the theatre is in the Avenue Montaigne, one of the finest residential streets of Paris, seems to have prevented it from housing successes. But lately there has been a change, for just now the Russian Opera and the Piccoli Marionettes are giving alternate performances to enthusiastic audiences. In the same building are two little theatres, the Comédie and the Studio des Champs Elysées.

At the former is *Suzanne*, by Stève Passeur, played by the attractive Valentine Tessier, Louis Jouvet, who is also the director, and Pierre Renoir, the son of the great painter. At the Studio is *Une Vie Secret*, by Henri Lenormand, one of the *avant-garde* group of playwrights. Victor Francen interprets exceedingly well the *rôle* of a musician who is just a little bit nutty. In fact, the hero is neither more nor less than a "sadique" (I hope it sounds better in French).

"We drove down to the Photomaton"

The majority of the Parisian critics think that *Une Vie Secret* is quite wonderful. I think it is revolting. I suppose that I lack the impersonal critical viewpoint, but when I leave a theatre and refuse any suggestions of supper, then I know that I have seen an utterly disagreeable play. Way down town, at the Gymnase, Henri Bernstein's *Melo* has just had its *première*. The main stand-by of the French theatre has again hit the bull's-eye, not only with his acute dramatic sense, but with his selection of the cast. The delicious Gaby Morlay, the only Parisian actress who can play a young thing and get away with it, has Charles Boyer as leading man, and she could not find a better one.

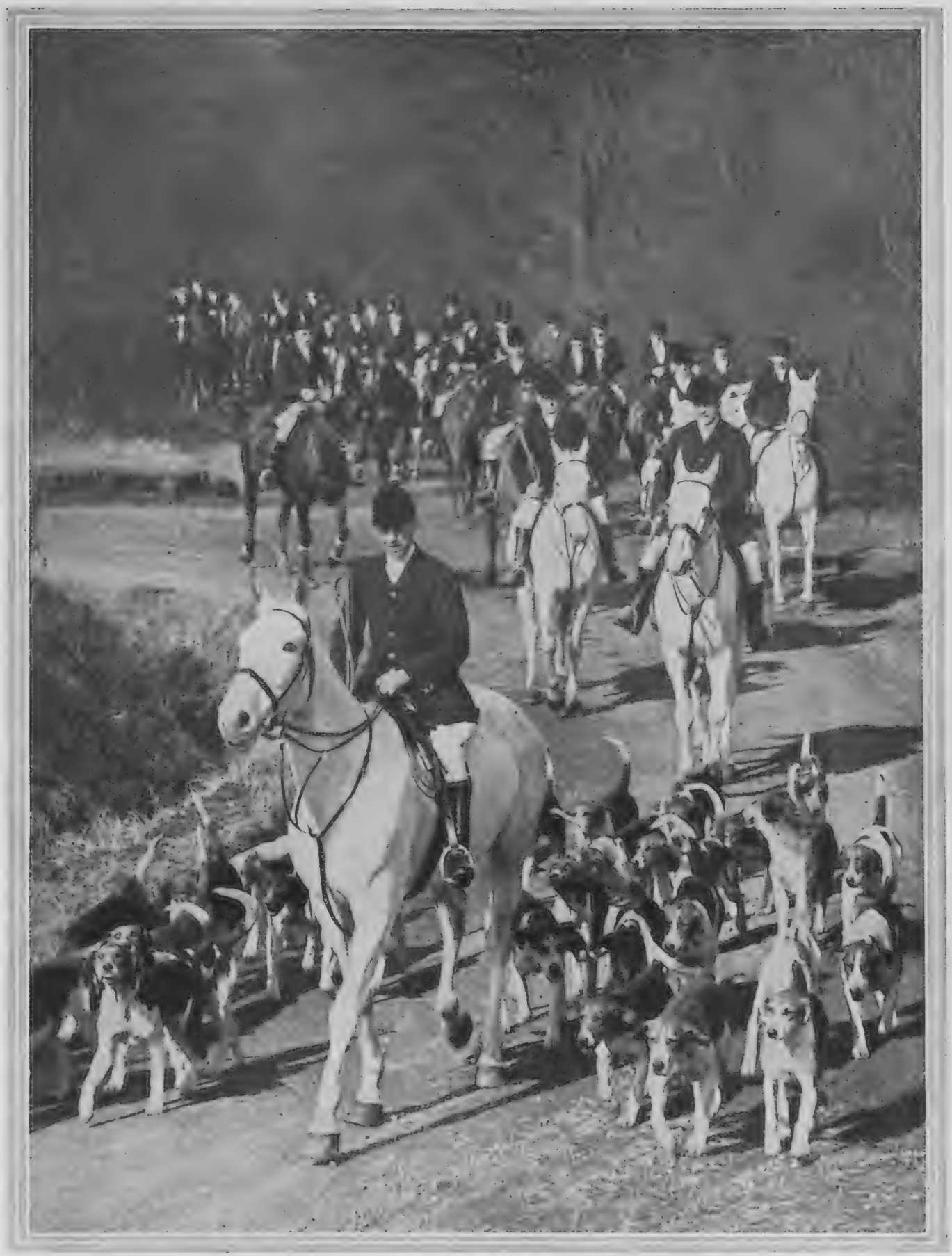
"Show-Boat," somehow translated into *Mississippi*, is on at the Chatelet. An excellently gallicised *Procés de Mary Dugan* is at the Apollo. The co-director of this Mary Dugan is Jane Marnac, who is one of the stars in the Casino de Paris revue. She is married to Keith Trevor, one of the proprietors of the "Photomaton." It was during the *entr'acte* of Mary Dugan that I saw a display of all sorts of prominent people who have been "shot" by the Photomaton. Among them was the Grand Duke Dmitri, who is, I consider, the handsomest blonde man in Paris. I am not the handsomest blonde man in Paris, but the play over, and before going somewhere to dance, we drove down to the Photomaton, which remains open until half-past twelve. Of course, when we arrived, the place had just closed. However, a few days later, in company with the noble youth who illustrates this article, I went there again, and had six pictures for five francs. And I am afraid that they look worth six pictures for five francs. I do not know if any of you have tried it at the London factory, but if you don't object to sitting there with the vaguest feeling that you are about to be electrocuted, and having an attendant whirl you around so that you feel seasick, and all sorts of odd people staring and laughing at you, I suppose it is what you call fun.

To Londoners who will be in Paris for Easter I will recommend a few restaurants, an entirely noble gesture on my part, as I am dieting. If you want to see smart people and absorb food that is simply swell, try "Phillippe" in the rue Daunou, near Ciro's. If you like a swell, quiet place to lunch or dine, go to "Joseph" at the corner of the rue François Premier and rue Pierre Charron, close to the Hôtel George V. It is terribly expensive, probably the most expensive restaurant in Paris, but the food is beyond my range of description. Way down the river, on the quai d'Orfevres, is the Restaurant du Vert-Galant. The food is first-rate, the prices not too high, and it is the pleasantest place possible when you do not want to dress.

If you are doing the Latin quarter, God help you, and you want a cup of coffee, a sandwich, and if you have a You, try the Viking Bar at 22, rue Vavin. They create every variety of sandwich, including the Scandinavian, as the Viking caters to Nordics. Should you go to the races on Sunday, before trying your luck, lunch at the Paris Bar, at 271, boulevard Pereire, near the Porte Maillot.

If your luck has been bad, then have dinner there on your way back, for the prices are most reasonable, and the food so good it will cheer you up at once. Excellent mid-town restaurants are the Crémaillère, in the Place Beauvau (owned by the management of Ciro's), and Le Cheval Pie, and Le Cabaret, both in the Avenue Victor Emmanuel. Up town, in the Avenue Marceau is "Ramponneau," where the menu is presented in an unusual way, and in the Opera quarter, at 6, rue Gomboust, is the little "le Relais de la Belle Aurore," which is the only place in Paris, so far as I know, to serve *caviar* with the *hors d'œuvre*. Further down town, near the Bourse, at 10, rue Saint Marc, is "Beaugé," whose *rognons* are famous, if you care for *rognons*. One does not dress at these three restaurants. Now, I have written all I want about restaurants. I am quite fed up with the subject, and suppose that you are also.

J. M.



HUNTING ONCE MORE!

The warm weather that followed the weeks of frost was particularly welcome to hunting folk, for it meant that they could get busy again after a long and trying period of inactivity. In the above photograph Major George Smith-Bosanquet is seen with hounds on the way to draw the first covert at a recent meet

PUTTING ON APPEARANCES

By ROSEMARY

Illustrated by
HELEN McKIE

"An attic with a skylight and a gas-ring"

WHICH is a curious state of things. For Chelsea—and just an acre or so out at St. John's Wood—is about the only place where true Bohemianism can still thrive. Nowhere else can quite bring it off. Not that it is only the place, for those who haven't been born to it can't capture it just by renting a studio either. It is a sort of spirit that "just happens" between a corner of Chelsea and an artist. And, of course, it doesn't matter whether that corner is an attic with a skylight and a gas-ring or a spacious studio hung with embroideries and complete with parquet floor fit to dance on.

IF your man is after Beauty and—if it *isn't* out of date in the age of Headlines and Hustle—after Truth, and trying to put them down on paper and canvas, you won't have any farther to seek for the secret of that bit of real Chelsea.

WHICH, as we said, makes it all the more curious that here and there the spell of Society should cast its shadows thus darkly. You might think it was something to be proud of to say, "I have a part in all this; I helped make this or that picture. Without me the artist could not have put down on canvas this or that that he had conceived." But no; the opinion of a part of the world that has managed to make its opinions seem worth something, says it is better to be a ward in Chancery than to own a mother who was a Char. in Cheyne Walk. Which accounts for the high rate of parental mortality among a certain section of very respectable artists' wives. And more than accounts for the high standard of manners, not to mention morals, prevalent with them.

"It is better to be a ward in Chancery than own a mother who was a Char. in Cheyne Walk"

AND there's another way the Society shadow is falling, too. That is in the number of well-off

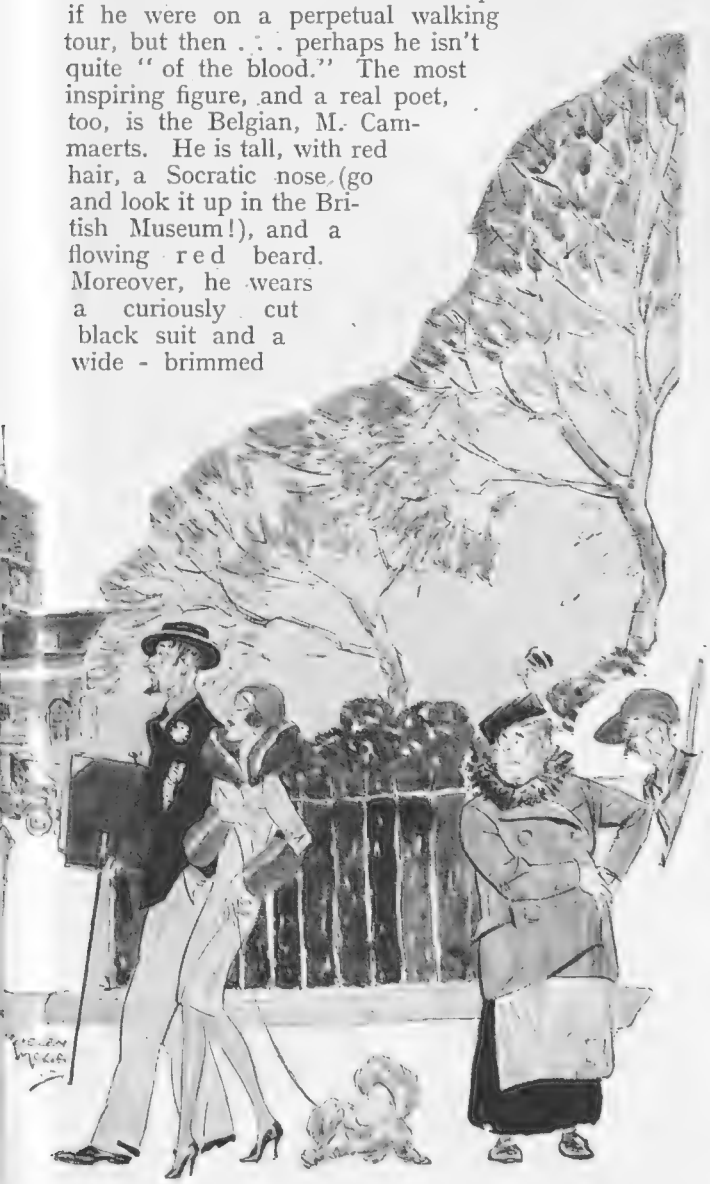
THERE is a new set of Invites, stuck round the mirror just now. (How *did* people manage to remember their engagements in the days before we shook our powder puffs over the hearth rug and applied the lipstick standing on our toes over the fireplace to have a look?) And, however differently they put their request for the pleasure of your company, it all comes to the same in the end. It is "Academy Sunday" in Chelsea.

THIS means that you can have a look at your artist friend's work and know that this very specially private view may mean that you see the Picture of the Year long before it hangs in all its glory on the Royal Academy walls. And very likely, if you've got that sort of account at the bank, that you may have a first chance to buy it. For even artists must live, and this is a day when the Philistines are allowed into Chelsea, and, indeed, welcomed if they are disposed to serve a cut or two from the Golden Calf.

IN the throng you must be careful to distinguish the Philistines accurately. You may easily mistake a model who has married her artist. For it is an odd thing, but the bonds of matrimony tighten extraordinarily the manners of the ladies who sit. They are out of their sandals and off with *sombreros* in almost indecent haste. Indeed, the wedding bells have hardly lost their echo on the air when the bride has changed into her Harris tweeds and left for the country, or should we say, county?

young men who take studios in the attempt to become one of the Chosen. You know the sort; they are keen on drawing. From which you will know that their first cousins are those people who don't know anything about music, but know what they like. They don't do much harm, except when they call on the house agent and get the flat or studio that someone wants who has to live by his drawing. And the people who get the most amusement out of their long hair and discoloured collars are the real Bohemians themselves, who discovered long ago that uncleanliness doesn't bring you a whit nearer God. Thereby proving the truth of the old proverb and greatly discomfiting those who believe in irregularities of true genius. An artist, like a poet, who has got his work to do simply hasn't time to dress up to represent the popular conception of the part.

MOST of the better poets, indeed, strike you at first sight as quite ordinary people, and you feel guiltily that you could easily have passed them by a dozen times if you had met them in the City and seen them drop into offices. Not but that once you've spoken to them and caught even the least glimpse of the Divine Fire that somehow is smouldering there, you won't take away something to remember. Mr. de la Mare, for instance, looks the mildest of men, and so does Mr. Laurence Binyon. There's Robert Graves, on the other hand, who wears a bright blue shirt and lets his hair stand up as if he were on a perpetual walking tour, but then . . . perhaps he isn't quite "of the blood." The most inspiring figure, and a real poet, too, is the Belgian, M. Cammaerts. He is tall, with red hair, a Socratic nose (go and look it up in the British Museum!), and a flowing red beard. Moreover, he wears a curiously cut black suit and a wide-brimmed black hat. It is almost too good to be true.



TALKING of dressing the part, mercifully there seems to have been hardly any talk this year of the standard of looks in the Boat Race crews. Perhaps there wasn't one! Or is it that the centre of interest, so to speak, has shifted these days to the Parliamentary candidates? I'm sure any Blue, be he light or dark, would be only too glad to have the burden of autograph signing taken from him. He has got plenty to do in training—and in the case of one member of the Oxford crew this year, I hear, plenty to do in his spare time taking his "Schools." The gods love the adventurous, so he may find himself with a First *and* the glory of having been in the winning boat on Saturday last, which would be a properly classic feat.

"Standing on our toes over the fireplace"

THERE was the other sort of dress occasion last week, too, with the ceremonial that accompanies the Investitures. Uniform can be very becoming, but not every statesman looks his best in the rather naval suggestions of the Privy Councillor's Court Dress. One Party leader seen at a political reception a short while back had not, in spite of Samson-like rumours, had his hair cut quite short enough, and even the trip on a yacht to the South of France hadn't given him quite the gait. On the other hand, a well-known shipping magnate had taken much more kindly to it, which, after all, was all as it should be.

AND this year's débutantes ought to be an honour to themselves and the dressmakers considering all the lovely things there have been to choose from at the spring shows. The fashions lend themselves more readily than they have done for some time to really "swell," as the Americans say, occasions, for they permit as much fussery and frillery as could be desired. And for such things as Court dress with its train and feathers, a "dressy" frock is much more appropriate than something which depends more on line and cut. It is quite a come-back for the "womanly woman," and our gentleman friends will have something they really can approve of, in the new frocks and the new hairdressing, with its reminders of a gentler Dora, by Dickens out of David Copperfield—not Jix.

Rosemary.

A RUGGER REVERIE

MATTERS at MURRAYFIELD

By PENDARVES

THE fun began in a stately Princes Street club, known as "The New" since the year 1740. A domain of lairds and liveried servants and light sherry. Wherein a sextette consumed a truly Scottish lunch; and whence subsequently a quintette, primed with port and adorned with the thistle, led a Sassenach into the light. The latter petrified with anxiety at the lateness of the hour; but the quintette quite unmoved, being in their home town and knowing a beautiful short cut to the field of battle, avoiding all traffic, and reaching the Stand, calm and contented, at five past three.

GOSH, what a sight! All the world's record for crowds beaten flat; eighty something thousand here already. And thousands turned away. Bagpipes skirling: band playing: low hum of talk from the massed multitude: the clans squeezing into their coveted seats: suppressed excitement glistening in every eye. A perfect day for Rugger. No sun—the sun is a nuisance at Murrayfield in March—a nip in the air: ground the colour of an ironed billiard table: not a breath of wind. Hullo! ominous little board being carried round the touchlines. What's that? Change in the English side? Who, for heaven's sake? Wilson, the wing three, out. Povis taken from centre to wing—Ian Smith's wing, too! Aslett brought into the centre. H'm! not too good. Wilson hurt in practice game with Camerons yesterday. Curse the Camerons.

OUT comes England's team. Not numbered. We have weakly aped this stupid mannerism of the Scots. If they elect to remain discourteous to their spectators there is no reason why we should. A pity. Scotland appears. Pandemonium greets them. Quite right too. A good side. No weak spots. Their very best. With this experimental team, still further altered, we are up against it. One more entranced stare across at that heaped-up pebbly beach of faces on the banking. Was there ever such a spectacle in all the world of games? Emphatically no.

ONE battens down one's heart to keep it from thumping through one's ribs, for a whistle has cut like a whip crack across the field. Ten minutes of speculative watching all our new men: of uncertainty as to the chosen tactics: as to who will get the ball from the scrums: of what type of play it is going to be, open or the tight forward mauls—when out comes the ball from Richards, our new scrum-half, to Aslett, to Sladen, to Novis. He has a long distance to go. But he is away! Bored into the corner—but *in*. First blood to England. Now that is all right. If they will let us do that sort of thing: an orthodox movement: clearly defined: ordinary. But will they?

A line-out during the Calcutta Cup match at Murrayfield. D. Turquand-Young, the English forward, is seen jumping for the ball on the right of the group

NO. They won't. For there Macpherson begins to loom into the foreground. Knowing his game well, his tactics, one sees at once that here lies England's danger. Have they tumbled to it, those two centres? Of course they have, you blithering idiot. But a mental S.O.S. goes out from me to Sladen and Aslett. Look *out*: he's struck one of his good days: and he is the deadliest threequarter in Christendom on such a day—full of awful guile: and Smith is on his right, waiting. But at half-time we are still three points up, rather luckily. And one breathes again—though not for long.

THAT second half was grim tragedy for us, and great glory for Scotland. In that second phase of the fight they proved themselves most definitely the better side. They finished rampaging and irresistible. We petered out to a muddled mediocrity. And it came about like this. Richards, who had played excellently in the first half, and Meikle faded out of the picture. A prolonged Scottish attack in our twenty-five. Out comes the ball from a scrum to Jimmie Nelson, who just pops over, in a way that only he and Arthur Young can. Three all. The devil!

BUT again we score. A fortuitous try due to Aslett and finished off by Meikle. An easy kick for goal, missed by Novis. Six—three. And at this point exit England. Thereafter Scotland took command of the game. In every department she began to trounce us. Her forwards began getting the ball. Nelson began systematically to whip it out to Greenlees. And when, their lines going all out, it got to the versatile Macpherson, I for one knew it was all over.

THE ball would reach Smith in his full stride. Smith at his fastest. Had young Wilson been on that wing instead of glumly in the stand I think he might have stopped him, for the Manchester man is very fast. But he wasn't. And we had nobody there who could overthrow this express train of a man, hurtling for the corner flag. Brown did his best, but both times it was too late. Heroic tries each of them; Smith delivering his body upon the altar of sacrifice.

AND the amount of whisky that must have been consumed in Edinburgh that Saturday night—well, the distillers know. It pains me to think about it.

Wisden's Cricket Almanack

CRICKET has been very much to the fore this winter, for although, of course, it has not been played in this country—apart from one match—the Test matches in Australia have served to keep alive the interest in our great summer game. Soon, however, the bats will be brought out for a final oiling before the first nets, and we shall be launched on another season. In proof of which the sixty-sixth edition of that invaluable *vade-mecum*, John Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack, has made a welcome appearance.

IN the new edition will be found all the regular features which are so useful a reference to cricketers. Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper is once again responsible for the Cricket Records, and the Obituary of the year, and the absorbing subject of cricket at the Public Schools has been fully and ably handled by Mr. A. Podmore. The Almanack, which is published and sold by John Wisden and Co., Ltd., has been edited by C. Stewart Caine, and the mass of interesting facts and figures bear eloquent testimony to the thoroughness of the editor's work.

FLYING NOTES

WANTED—MORE FLYING CLUBS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Private Owners

MR. DOWNES-SHAW, who is a member of the Bristol and Wessex, and a most energetic cross-country pilot, is now on a trip to Algiers. Mr. J. D. Irving, of the Newcastle Club, is celebrating his "B" licence by taking his Moth, "Ada," to Berlin *via* Paris. Mr. Sale and Mr. Barnett have acquired a dual-controlled "Avro," 504K, which was brought up to date by Southern Aircraft, Ltd., of Shoreham, who maintain a staff for dealing with repairs and renewals. Visitors to Cambridge should note that a new aerodrome is being prepared one mile east of the town on the Newmarket road. It will be ready for use in June, and offers a landing run of 500 yards in every direction.

Around the Clubs

IN order to show their faith in 1929, the Committee of the Cinque Ports have reduced the club subscription and flying rates so considerably that any pupil of average ability should be able to get an "A" licence for about £20. The Nottingham Club has returned to Hucknall Aerodrome, by permission of the Air Ministry, pending the opening of Tollerton, which is to be a municipal air port. So many first solos have occurred owing to an outbreak of fine weather that it is almost impossible to chronicle their names. In view of an unfriendly act on the part of a member who took with him an umbrella on his first lone flight, which fact achieved considerable publicity, the Liverpool Club would like it known that it does not rain more often at Hooton Park than anywhere else in England.

Need for More Clubs

AN ex-R.A.F. pilot who had not flown for 11 years, and had not even seen a modern light 'plane, decided to inquire into this "Moth" business. He took about two hours' dual before making a very successful solo and passed the flying tests for an "A" licence all within the space of a day or so, which only shows you that the old hands don't lose their cunning, also that the modern machine is very easy to fly. There must be thousands of old pilots who would fly again if there were more clubs and aerodromes, which should be an encouragement to National Flying Services for their inauguration this summer.

The Helicogyre

A NEW recruit for the "Amusement Park" at the Hendon Display this year is a machine with motor-driven revolving wings, designed to ascend and descend quite vertically like a lift, and capable of hovering motionless in mid-air. It is the invention of an Italian engineer, Signor Isacco, and has been built for the Air Ministry by Saunders, at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The spectacle of a City man hovering over his office, trying to clear a space to land by means of a long pole, should inspire Heath Robinson to one of his best efforts.

Mr. A. W. Watkins, the mechanic of the 'plane, Miss Africa, in which Mr. Campbell Black flew from Nairobi to Croydon in eight days, the fastest time so far for the journey. The 'plane was flown seven hours daily, but no flying was done on three days

The East African Aero Club

PRIVATE owners and pilots who visit East Africa will find that an organisation already exists in Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar, having a membership approaching 300. At Nairobi the P.W.D. has built a new aerodrome, which will become the air junction for the whole of Central Africa, and at Rumuruti, near the Northern frontier, a splendid natural site has been secured for permanent use. Sir Charles Wakefield has presented the club with a light 'plane, which will be used for instruction, and there is already a mixed bag of privately-owned machines, stationed mostly in Kenya, including a Fokker "Universal," a Klemm "Daimler," a Gipsy "Moth," and several other "Moths," of earlier breed. The Government of Kenya has allocated £3,000 for civil aviation this year, in addition to which private enterprise is establishing aerodromes at most of the towns off the main route from Kisumu to the coast.

A Metal Revolution

NOT the least important change which has taken place in aircraft construction during the past year has been that from wood to metal for practically everything except wing coverings. Curiously enough, the change has been most marked in Service machines, although commercial types are all following suit. Our principal flying boats and the "Argosies," used on the Continental routes, are already built with a metal framework, and the "Bluebird" has risen recently from the ranks of wood. The "Silver Streak," which was an experiment in duralumin by Short Brothers just after the War, proved that a machine could be made without wood or fabric, but the Air Ministry of the day tested it to destruction in the laboratory after a few flights, and have apparently pinned their faith to fabric wings for some time to come.

An Avro Avian being filled with petrol at an aerodrome. The portable petrol pump being used is of great use to all aviators, and such pumps will shortly be found at all aerodromes

FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHTS' ERRORS

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO SIR JAMES BARRIE MR. JOHN MASEFIELD MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

By HANNEN SWAFFER

"MARY ROSE" nearly shocked me. "Genius," I had heard said of it. The usual shouts of "Marvellous" and "Great" echoed round the world, until they reached even my ears, which I have trained to deafness. I saw it for the first time when it was revived. With a due sense of humility, I dressed myself like a waiter. Playgoers dress like waiters so that they shall remember not to spill the beans. . . .

WHY was Barrie ever taken seriously as an interpreter of psychic ideas? *Mary Rose* is one long confusion of thought, except where it condescends to old stage tricks, the repetition of the two old print-experts made to argue again in Act III just as they argue in Act I. You know they will do it again. You fear the worst. It comes. They haggle boringly, twice.

NOW as for this central figure of a girl who disappears on an island and is lost for years, did you ever see such a solid wraith, such a substantial etherealisation? People who found sense where there was only sensation had merely the minds of children, or playgoers.

Mary Rose is mere nonsense. The hush insisted upon when Norman O'Neill's music was played seemed an impertinence. Barrie is not his best with a simple idea. His mixture of soul and body became like a mixture of sole and soup.

IN *The Trial of Jesus*, Bible experts assure me, John Masefield out-Heroded Herod by mixing up the man who tried Christ with another Herod altogether.

Then, on another occasion, I caught him so indifferent to the sex of sheep that he thought a wether was a ewe! His nativity play, nobly written, was the highest apex of his powers. It was written specially for performance on the steps of Canterbury Cathedral, where, because of the Church's new discovery of the Stage, they acted Masefield's story of the Birth of Jesus in surroundings that stirred the noblest feelings of the human soul.

ABOVE were the majestic heights which form the shrine of Thomas à Becket; around were gathered all that represented the Culture and the Reverence of my native Kent; at the back were seated people who had been waiting since the daylight's earliest hours.

Wondrous music came from the organ behind a screen erected centuries ago; it blended with the youthful trebles of a hidden choir. The story that changed the course of history more than all the other stories that were ever told was enacted by unnamed players, clad most of them in raiment worthy of a Reinhardt spectacle.

I sat, words in hand, waiting to see what the players would do when the reference to the wether was reached. They altered it! They came of the soil, those actors. Sheep were sold weekly by the thousand in the market-place near by; they came of the stock that bred them. They put Masefield right!

Mid-Channel, by that fine dramatist, Arthur Pinero, was based upon a married life symbolised in a speech made in the middle of the play. Half-way across the English Channel, said one of the characters, there is a shoal which, even during the smoothest crossing, causes a feeling of irritability even in the best of ocean voyagers. The sun may shine, but the shoal is there, far under the water's surface. Then, when you cross it, you turn away even from your nearest friend. When once the sandbank has been crossed the world seems to smile again.

THAT made me wonder. After all, I had lived in Folkestone for years, and I had never heard of it. I turned up a chart of the Channel. There was no shoal marked on it.

(*Continued on page 646*)

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FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHTS' ERRORS

(continued from page 644)

"That is funny," I thought, "Pinero writes a play about a sandbank that Trinity House has never heard of yet!"

I sent a reporter across the Channel the next day—and a photographer.

"Watch the faces of the passengers turning sour," I said. "Photograph them. Take snapshots of them smiling again when the shoal is passed. Interview the captain of the cross-Channel boat. It is a good story!"

Alas, the passengers smiled all the way over! And the captain said that, although he had been crossing the Channel twice a day for thirty years, he had never heard of any sandbank. More than that, he didn't want to!

So that was the end of *Mid-Channel* so far as I was concerned.

JOHN GALSWORTHY wrote *The Forest* thirty years late. In the 'nineties the Society for the Protection of Native Races used to print pamphlets about the exploitation of black tribes on the African continent. Much was done to change the conditions.

Where there was cruelty there was such an outcry that, to this day, the story of a Major who flogged negroes about the time of the Boer War is still remembered. When a diamond merchant and I walked through the streets of Brussels the other day and the sight of all the Belgians around caused us to talk of the horrors of the Congo we recalled the name of the officer with but little effort of memory.

Yet, even in the time of Wembley, with its proud boast of Empire growth and its proofs of Empire culture, Galsworthy's play about the ill-treatment of African negroes to benefit a city share-shark was staged without a qualm.

Basil Dean used all his skill to cast and stage it brilliantly. George Harris used velvet to reproduce jungle scenery. We were duly impressed—but the story simply wasn't true any longer.

GALSWORTHY'S other play, *The Show*, affected to expose newspaper sensationalism. It tackled it from the wrong end. In ways it wasn't strong enough! In other ways it was merely wrong!

Still, I do not wonder that dramatists always get newspapers wrong upon the stage. I remember James Bernard Fagan calling upon me on the day of the dress rehearsal of *The Earth*, his attack on journalism, and mentioning incidentally that it was the first time he had ever been in a newspaper office!

If ever a paragraph is read from a newspaper on the stage it is either full of contempt of court or else it is full of phrases that no newspaper man would ever write.

IN *All the King's Horses* I remember a character arriving at a house because she had read, in the stop press news in the *Evening Standard*, that the owner of the house was going to be knighted. News like that is never printed in any stop press. If you want to stop any enemy of yours from getting a title, merely ask some newspaper friend to say, in a nice little paragraph, that he is going to get one. Why, they would strike him off the list immediately!

If an actor is reading, in the *Evening Standard*, say, an important piece of news he usually turns to the page on which you know there is nothing but an article by Dean Inge. They always get newspapers wrong.

NOW, if the stage gets wrong the things we all know about—well, I tremble to think how wrong they are about the things we cannot check.

Yet, to this day, they laugh at Shakespeare for thinking that the toad wore a precious jewel in his head. I expect it was merely short for toady, which wouldn't scan. Toadies are ugly and venomous, anyway.

H. S.

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667 B

SLAM BIDDING AT CONTRACT

By "ACES EASY"

THE gigantic bonuses given for slams renders this facet of Contract play at once important, exciting, and fascinating. It is exceedingly rare that one holds such a hand as to enable one to open with a bid of six or seven, even though I saw it done the other day on three occasions in one session of play; but hands containing 12, or 13, even probable tricks are about as frequent as rubies the size of pigeons' eggs or perfect ankles.

❋

CONSEQUENTLY, the slam must be bid gradually by an intelligent and intelligible conversation between partners. This is not to be taken to mean an affable discourse across the table as to whether "dear old George has got old Mossy Face"; although the bidding practised by one school, so conventionalised and artificial has it become, is almost as revealing as a query and answer in overt talk.

❋

BEFORE slams are within the bounds of possibility it must be fully understood between partners that one suit, suiting both their hands, is to be trump. If South goes a spade and North has four or five spades, together with enormous outside cards, he must give the slam raise at once; if he has good outside cards he must raise the spade bid so far as he can. The spade suit in that particular deal is deemed to be "set."

❋

IF, now, South has bid on A-Q-10-x-x of spades and A-K to five diamonds, and North has jumped his one spade to three, it costs no more for South to go four diamonds and let North have the option of (a) showing his side-cards or (b) going to four spades than to bid the four spades himself at once. So he bids the diamonds. North, perceiving that spades are "set" by his raise, realises that if he visualises slam possibilities he can bid the slam himself if his cards permit, or he may elect to go to four spades and thus warn South that slams are a wash-out on that deal. His third alternative is, while hoping for slams and yet not holding the cards to bid one at once, to "show aces"—*i.e.*, to bid a suit in which he holds at least the top card. If, for example, he holds but two small diamonds, five spades to the king, ace-jack to four hearts, and the club king, he bids four hearts.

❋

RETURNING now to South. Should South have a doubleton club and a single heart, he will go four spades and that will end the performance; if his holdings in these suits is reversed, he will go six spades. The reasoning is obvious; with a single club only one trick can be made against him before he gets in, and he can probably get a discard somewhere by running the hand to his own design; with the doubleton club the slam may well be defeated on the first two tricks.

❋

SHOULD South, however, have the club ace, he should show it by bidding five clubs over North's four hearts; North will then, on the strength of his club king, go to the big slam at once. This "ace-showing" and slam bidding may also occur when there is an intervening bid. In that case a different set of conventions is employed.

❋

SUPPOSE South to bid, as before, one spade and West to bid two hearts. North holds fine spade support, *and can win the first round of hearts.* If desirous of waving the slam signal he announces (a) the fact that the spade suit is "set," and (b) the fact that no immediate trick can be lost in the adverse suit by *bidding one more trick in the opposition's suit than the opposition itself* has bid. South then starts "showing aces"—if any—and the bidding endeavours, as before, to mount to slam heights.

❋

IF, on the other hand, with the first two bids as above, North wants to tell South, "I have a wonderful hand; it's a slam if you have the first or second trick if hearts are led," he goes to *five* spades. The reason for this redundant bid is that no sane player is going to bid a trick in excess of a game contract just for fun. The redundant bid waves the slam signal quite effectually.

❋

ONE last word: *Do NOT give up certain games to score possible slams.* It is better to make seven, having bid four, than to go down one on a bid of six.

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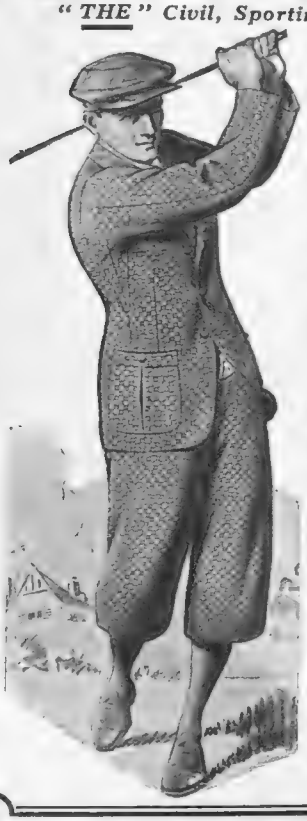

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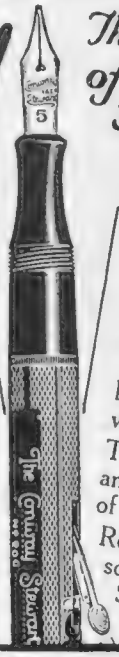

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THE BOOK SOCIETY, 38, GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SNOBBERY IN THE STATES

By RALPH STRAUS

MISS SYLVIA LYND

MR. J B. PRIESTLEY

MISS CLEMENCE DANE

PROFESSOR GEORGE GORDON

Above are seen four members of the Selection Committee of the Book Society, whose aims and object were described in our columns last week by Mr. Straus

THEY will tell you that the New World is now completing its conquest of the Old. American millionaires, it seems, are buying up Europe. Soon we shall be obliged to speak the peculiar language which Hollywood uses if we wish to be understood, and the greenback will be the only note worth having. Rather a gloomy prospect. But after reading Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new novel *Dodsworth* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*) I am less pessimistic than I was, for according to him—and he is a man who knows: did he not discover England two years ago?—the New World is not having things all its own way.

⁂

AMERICAN millionaires may be removing our treasures. They may be teaching us how to conduct our affairs. But they are not omnipotent. There is a body of American citizens even more powerful than they: their wives. And, if we are to believe Mr. Lewis, these wives are "falling for" our effete and degenerate and deplorably un-American ways. In other words, Europe is conquering them.

⁂

I DARE say he is right. A peculiar form of snobbery certainly *is* rampant in the States. Our own Radicals are supposed to love a lord dearly, but the American woman is ready to curtsey to him. It is, in fact, quite extraordinary what you can do "over there" with a title, even if, as so frequently happens, the patent of nobility has been, so to speak, self-acquired.

⁂

ONLY the other day I was solemnly informed by a representative of one of the big American lecturing agencies that if a certain English literary man who proposed to give a series of lectures in the States had been a peer, or even a knight, he could have commanded fees three or four times as high as those which he ultimately accepted. And I remember Lord Dunsany once telling me that, although he had enjoyed a most successful tour of the kind, he had had the greatest difficulty—in the smaller towns—in getting himself accepted as a man of letters. So many people seemed to think that he had been invited to speak only because of his peerage.

⁂

MR. LEWIS, however, is not only writing a tract for the times; he is primarily intent on telling a story, and a most entertaining story it is. Dodsworth is no Babbitt. He may belong to Zenith, but he moves in more gracious circles.

ALSO, he is a Yale man, which means not a little even to-day. He represents "big" business, or, rather, he has done so, for at the beginning of the book the motor car corporation of which he is president is being bought up by a larger trust, and at fifty he is temporarily "out of it."

⁂

THE trust offers him a good position, and in the ordinary way he would have accepted it, but Mrs. Dodsworth has just wakened up to the fact that Europe is the only place in which rich American ladies can be expected to live. And as wives are important, and Dodsworth loves his, to Europe they go.

⁂

AND Europe conquers Mrs. Dodsworth almost at once. Her husband is interested, as a sightseer, and a little forlorn. His wife is immediately fascinated, and spends all her time getting to know "the right people." She flirts with them. Then she goes farther. And poor Dodsworth is bewildered and unhappy. He does everything he can, but Europe has "got" her. English peers and foreign counts have turned her head, and at the end of it all he is forced to look elsewhere for help and affection.

⁂

I ENJOYED this shrewd and illuminating book. The Dodsworths themselves are real, and their European adventures are told with admirable gusto. You are not expected to believe that all millionaires' wives will play the fool like Fran, but her story does point a moral which can be appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. R. S.

A Correction

We regret that through a misapprehension Mr. Hugh Walpole was described in our issue of March 20 as being the Chairman of the Book Society. The position he really holds is that of Chairman of the Selection Committee of the Book Society.

BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

PIERROT'S REHEARSAL

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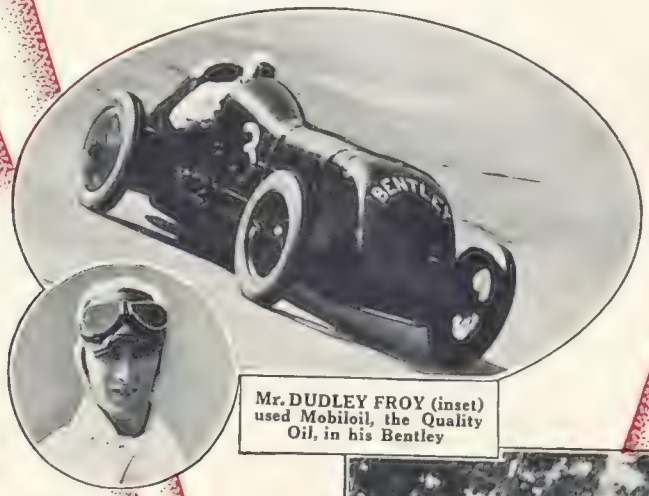

Mr. DUDLEY FROY (inset) used Mobiloil, the Quality Oil, in his Bentley

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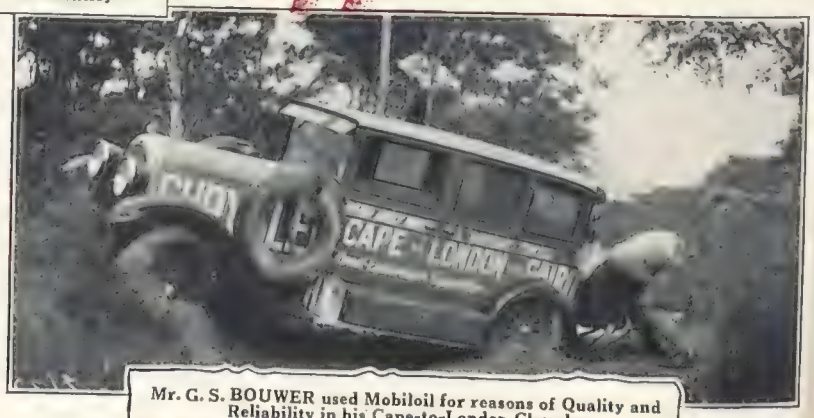

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MOTOR NOTES

A MOTORIST HAILS the SPRING

By E. M. WRIGHT

WERE I inclined to look on the darker side of things I should find cause enough for gloom. My home is laid waste by cleaners, for Spring is at hand. Were I inclined to take a roseate view of life I should perhaps break forth into glowing iambics on the budding trees, on daffodils, on skylarks and frisking lambs, and all the paraphernalia of Spring.

***

BUT let it not be supposed that the motorist has no part in this great renaissance. Warmer, brighter days rekindle his enthusiasm for touring; he must be out and away. And he, too, feels the need for change. The car that pleased him well enough in the dark days of January now seems sadly deficient. Vague recollections come back to his mind of gleaming new models, of which he caught a glimpse over somebody's shoulder at Olympia. The trees have new leaves, his wife has a new hat; he shall have a new car! And the keen motorist now spends days in showrooms criticising and testing this car and that, and his wife comes with him!

***

THE man may ask a few tentative questions as to engine performance and chassis design, but it is the lady who controls the conversation. Disdaining to occupy herself with the trivialities of mechanical efficiency, she concentrates her attention on bodywork. She examines with elaborate care the rival merits of coupé, saloon, or tourer, of fabric or cellulose, and all the time is appraising with a critical eye the innumerable colour schemes. She it is who will ultimately decide; only at the last minute—to change her mind. The salesman no longer deals in machines. He is become a motoring modiste, and his assistants mannequins, while his showroom breathes something of the atmosphere of the salons in the rue de la Paix.

***

AND so the motoring world hails the spring. The old and seasoned owner-driver, discarding his ancient bus, becomes young and enthusiastic once more as he gazes in fond admiration on the gleaming new model of which he has just become the proud possessor. And who shall describe the thrills of the tyro as he takes out his bus for the first time on a perfect spring morning? In the spring, wrote a poet of former times, a young man's fancy took a sentimental turn. The young man of to-day is no less sentimental, but inextricably mixed with mental pictures of "her" fair form are bright visions of the svelte lines of a super-sports. And as he conjures up the music of "her" voice he hears the deep boom of a perfectly tuned racing engine. The car's the thing.

***

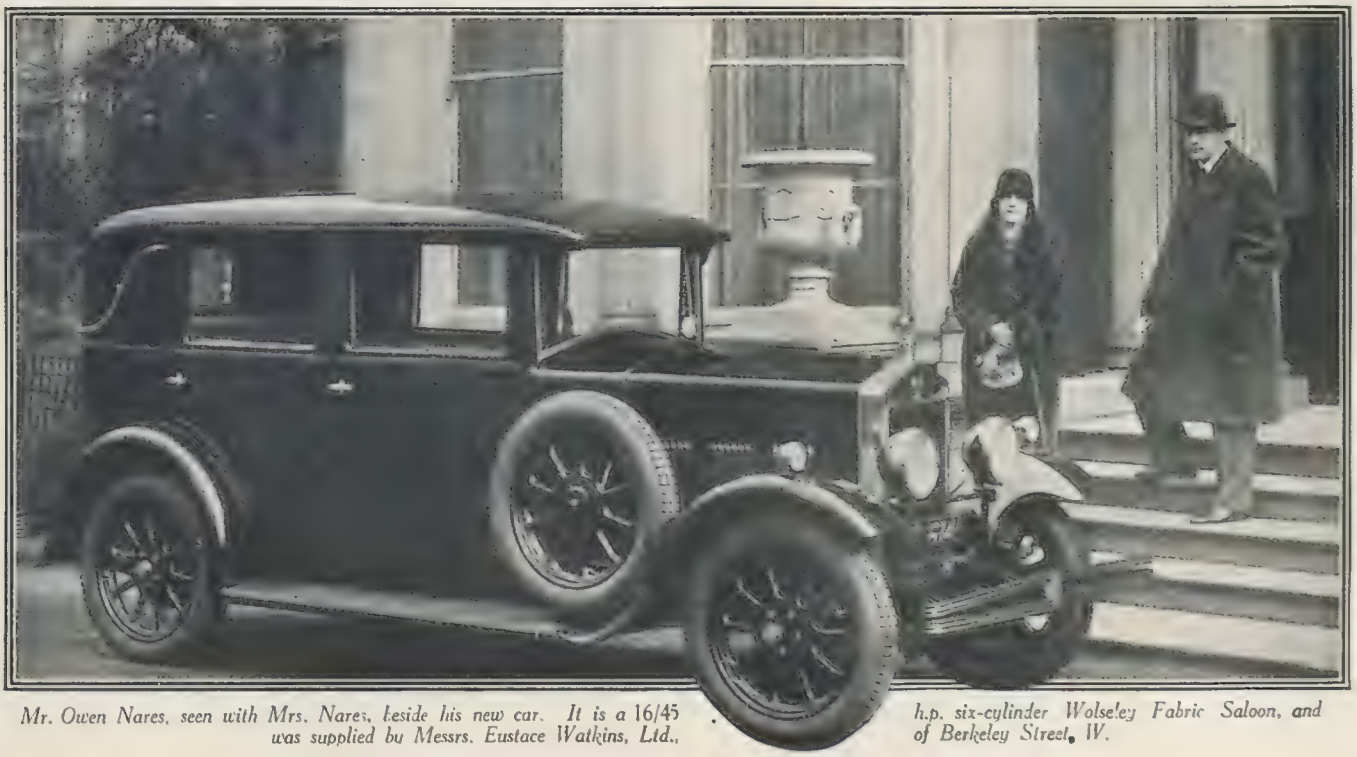
WHEN Malcolm Campbell last year beat Segrave's record at Daytona by 4 m.p.h. it was good, but not good enough. When, however, Campbell, after his expensive but successful expedition was all over, had to see his record retaken by the American car, which beat his speed by a beggarly three-quarters of a mile per hour, we felt we had every justification for looking on that as hard luck. There was no mistake about Segrave's figure this time. It is a wonderful effort that reflects credit on everyone concerned in the design and construction of the engine, chassis, and body, each of which played a noble part in raising the record to a figure that will be difficult indeed, if not impossible, to beat. I can only wish that the car bore the name of some manufacturer. As it is, however, it cannot do better than proclaim to the world the names of Captain J. S. Irving, the designer of both car and engine, and Napier, the builders of the famous aero engine.

***

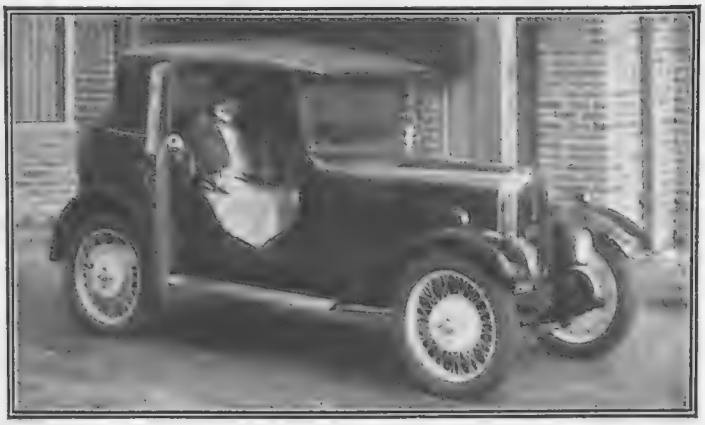
IT is not generally known that the bodywork on the "Golden Arrow" had to be constructed in a little over three weeks, and that Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly's workmen, who built it, themselves broke all records for high-speed coachbuilding. The story is one of rapid moves from start to finish. First some fifty 1/10th-scale drawings of the various sections, received from the designers, had to be carefully checked to see that they actually would fit as designed. Next, full-size drawings were made. From these were constructed the jigs on which the various sections were constructed, the panelling being stout-gauge aluminium, hand-beaten to shape. The whole thing was so complicated, particularly owing to the intricate fairings, that the utmost care and calculation were needed at every step, especially as all the body parts had to be prepared without the chassis, which no one concerned had even seen at the time.

***

ALTOGETHER nearly 500 square feet of aluminium were used, and the panel-beaters on several occasions had to work a twenty-four-hour day to get through in time. Arrived at the K.L.G. works in Kingston Vale, where the chassis was in course of erection, the first job was to construct the iron



Mr. Owen Nares, seen with Mrs. Nares, beside his new car. It is a 16/45 h.p. six-cylinder Wolseley Fabric Saloon, and was supplied by Messrs. Eustace Watkins, Ltd., of Berkeley Street, W.



Mrs. W. E. Bullock, Jun., at the wheel of her new Singer Junior Sportsman's Coupé. Her husband is the son of the Managing Director of Singer and Co., Ltd.

A photograph recently taken in a quiet corner of Surrey. The car seen above is one of the excellent 16 h.p. Darracq "Six" Saloon models

hoops to which the panelling was to be fixed—and this without interfering with the engineers who were working on the chassis. It was only when the "Golden Arrow" reached Devonshire House and was in position in Rootes's showrooms the night before it was exhibited to the public that there was sufficient time to give it its coat of gold paint, which was sprayed on.

***

EASTER being early this year, the Easter Monday meeting at Brooklands will be the opening one of the season. As usual, the bill of fare is an attractive one, but I am glad to see that the organisers are beginning to realise that there are rival attractions, such as speedway racing, and that it is necessary for them to offer the public something in the nature of a thrill. With this in view, I learn they have arranged for Kaye Don to make an attempt on the lap record in his big four-litre Sunbeam, in which he will be seen a good deal this year. His performance will be in the nature of an exhibition run, with this difference, that there will be the definite object of lowering the record. To do this he will have to lap at the very highest speed allowed by the banking at Brooklands, and, whether he breaks the record or not, the mere attempt will be well worth seeing.

***

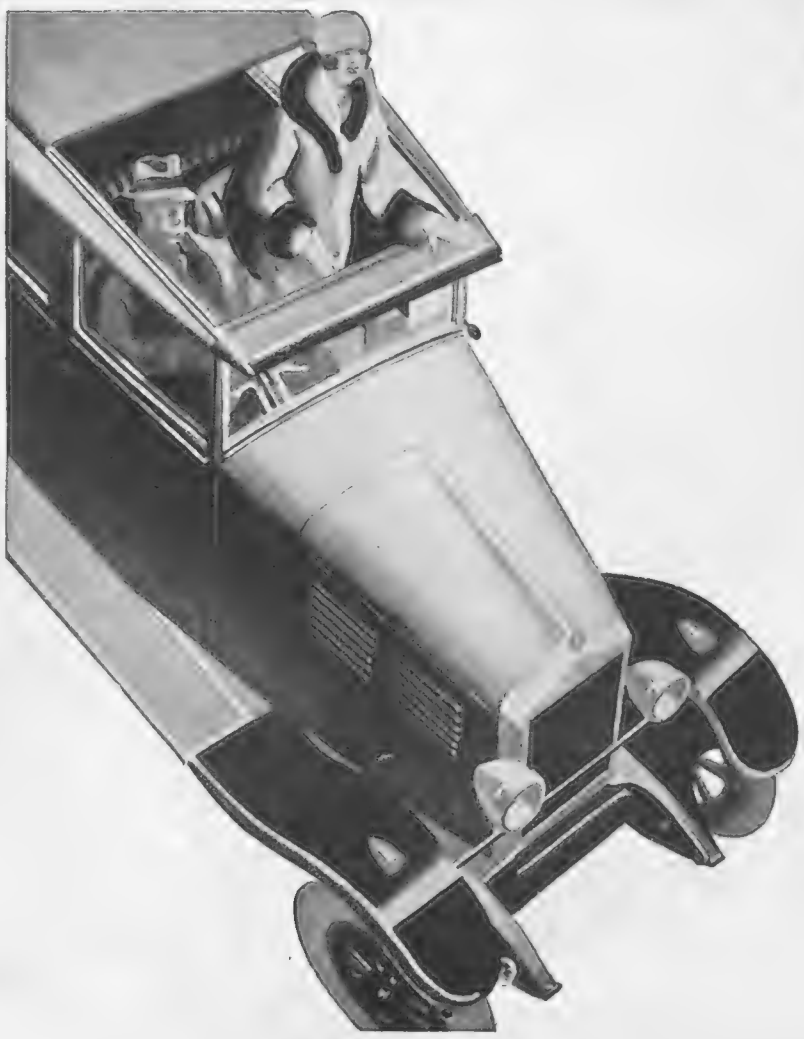
I AM informed by Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., that the price of the Willys Knight six-cylinder 20.7 h.p. sleeve-valve "Crusader" four-door saloon has been reduced from £375 (cloth upholstery) to £335, and from £395 (furniture hide upholstery) to £350.

THE latest rumour about motor taxation is that our wily Chancellor will reduce the horse-power tax, but increase the petrol tax in such a way as to show the average motorist a slight reduction on the two combined. The Chancellor cannot again raid the Road Fund, for two simple reasons. One is that, thanks to former raids, amounting now to £30,000,000, it is bankrupt, and there is even talk of doing away with it altogether.

***

THE other is that he promised last year not to raid it again in the lifetime of this Government. But by reducing the horse-power tax, which goes into the Road Fund, and putting it on the petrol tax, which goes direct into general revenue, he can get hold of the same amount.

E. M. W.



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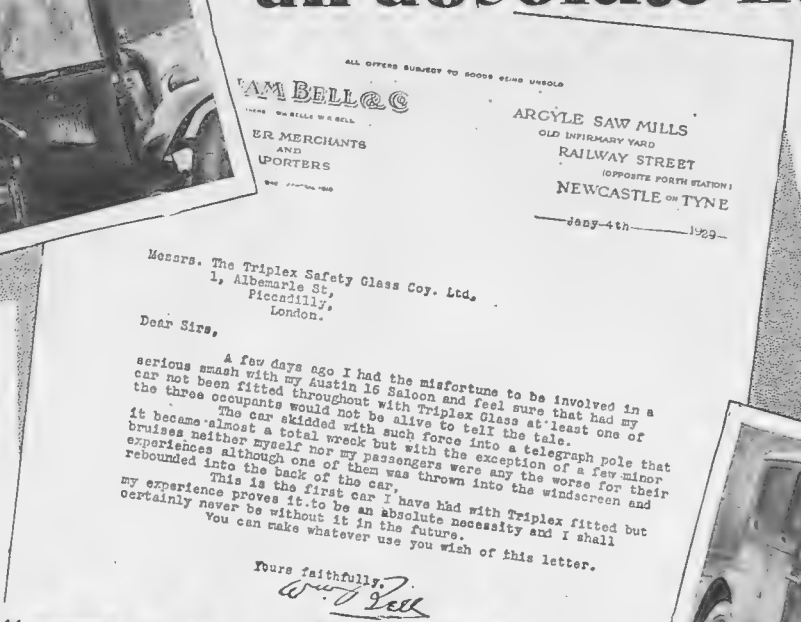

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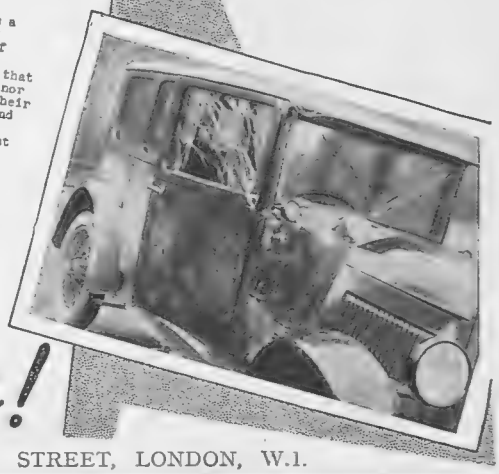
This is the first car I have had with Triplex fitted but my experience proves it to be an absolute necessity and I shall certainly never be without it in the future.

You can make whatever use you wish of this letter.

Yours faithfully,



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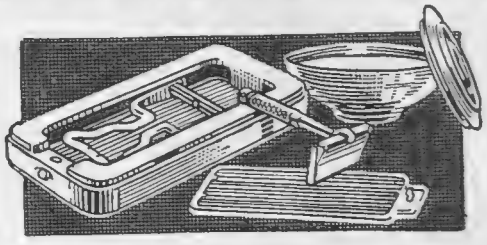

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STROPS AND HONES ITSELF

DOGS

HOW AND WHERE TO BUY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Dog Shows have been arranged for the Easter week-end in many different parts of the country, and next month will bring a longish list of important fixtures, beginning with the Scottish Gundog Association's Show in Edinburgh on April 3, and Kensington's big Show at the Crystal Palace on April 11; and including others at Cheltenham, Bath, Cambridge, Dorking, etc.

It's interesting to note at these Shows how many of the fanciers have adopted motor transport for their Dogs, specially designed motor vans being used, capable of accommodating as many as a dozen big Dogs, and, in some cases, carrying them direct from kennels at one end of England to Shows at the other end. The governing director of one of the biggest of the motor distributing firms happens also to be a keen Great Dane fancier, and his Dog van is a regular Pullman car on a 30-cwt. chassis, in which his famous Danes travel about the country in lordly style, with vastly more ease and speed than any that their forbears knew.

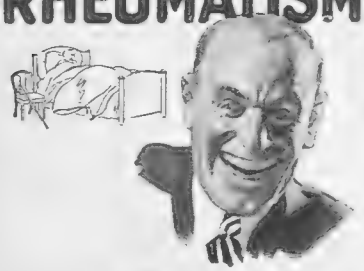
For the general public the Shows will become more and more popular (and therefore of more educational value, and more benefit to dogdom generally), according to the rate at which their organisers recognise the demand for special competitions which demonstrate not simply excellence of points and type, but the results of training, discipline, and the systematically developed intelligence of the Dogs. Half the joys of doggy companionship depend upon rational doggy education—a process which benefits owners quite as much as the Dogs themselves, and is delightfully interesting in itself.

And it is from demonstrations at the Shows that the public can most readily learn what a wealth of unexplored pleasure awaits Dog-owners in this direction. The present value ot the Shows for the general public (apart from the opportunity they give of studying the points of the finest specimens in every breed, and the latest improvements in Dog foods and accessories) lies mainly in the facilities they offer for Dog-buying. Not that a Show is the best place at which to buy a Dog, but it is the most convenient place at which to meet the leading breeders and fanciers from all parts, to inquire about their young stock, and to make appointments for visits of inspection—the "real right" way for choosing and buying a Dog, and, most especially, for the buying of a pup.

Apart from more practical considerations, you lose three parts of the pleasure and interest attaching to the choice of a Dog (especially a pup) if you cannot do it in the right setting: the place in which your new friend has been born and bred. When you can watch the antics of a litter of pups in the nest it's easy to reach right conclusions as to their individual characters and physique. The most boisterous youngster, the rascal who secures the most comfortable positions and the best of everything that's going, is often by no means the finest show specimen, but he is pretty certain to prove the heartiest, strongest, jolliest, best *doer* of the bunch; and out of fine and hardy canine physique good and lovable canine character is pretty certain to develop. The aggressiveness will presently give place to undiluted jollity and amiability; and the constitutional soundness of which it is the sign manual is pretty safe to last; whereas pretty-pretty diffidence and shyness in a young pup too often mean after-tendencies to weakliness; and so are charms worth the buyer's avoidance. Don't forget always to insist on getting with the pup a diet sheet showing precisely how it is being fed at the time of purchase. This will make all the difference to the success of its transfer to the new home; for, naturally enough, a mistake in the dieting at this time of life can prove not only injudicious, but positively dangerous. The wrong meals at the wrong time may well play havoc with the delicate digestion of the young puppy and lead to disastrous results in the future.

A puppy weaned at this time of year has all the best part of the year before him for the vital process of furnishing, and that's why this is *the* season for choosing and buying a youngster.

RHEUMATISM



He Feels 20 Years Younger

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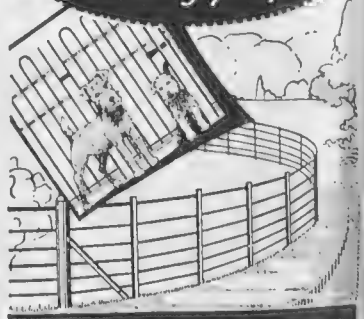

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FASHION FAVOURS FLORAL FROCKS

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

Floral chiffons are undoubtedly in the ascendant. This is not surprising, for they are universally becoming, and they lend themselves to the creation of wonderful colour schemes. The frock on this page shows large shaded orange flowers on a black ground, and it is worn over a yellow slip. A group of tucks in front causes it to cling to the figure, and the graceful lines of the fluttering skirt are induced by clever empiecements. It comes from Suzanne, 2, Hanover Court, and so does the coat of black ring velvet, with a collar of large velvet flowers. This has tucked sleeves and a dipping circular flounce set in low at the back

ACCESSORIES WHICH SHOW DISCRIMINATION

A shady hat of blue baku with an underbrim of lime green stitched with navy. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, and so does the matching scarf of crêpe de Chine

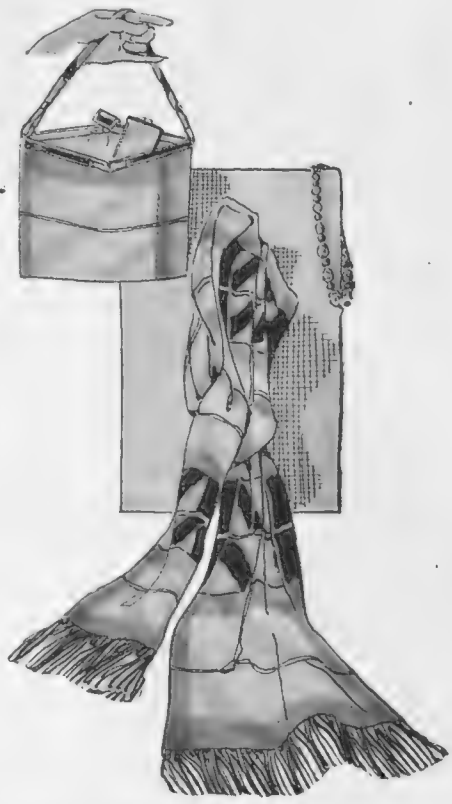
Spring Shoes

MANY of the new shoes are made of pigskin. Rather surprisingly it is not used particularly for sports shoes or for those of a walking genre, but what is called velvet pigskin creates charming afternoon models. The nap, or surface, is taken off, and it then rather resembles *suède*. Incidentally, the revival of *suède* and reindeer is an interesting feature of the latest arrivals. It is obtainable in some very subtle shades, and the shoes, which are usually rather plainly designed, are often discreetly decorated with strappings of glacé in a two-tone effect. The skin of watersnakes is dyed to such hues as red, green, and beige. Ostrich skin is frequently employed for decorative purposes. It may be allied with tan willow calf in walking shoes, or another favoured combination is willow calf trimmed with elk, the latter in a light fawn shade.

Beaver coloured felt has been used for this hat, trimmed with osprey. The lingerie set is of écru lace and gold. (Debenham and Freebody)

Lightweight Tweed Coats

TWEED is beyond all doubt the conquering hero of the Spring season. Beautifully light and soft, it is serviceable and very smart, and it is practically uncrushable. Illustrated on the right of this page is an excellent coat from Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street. Made of loosely woven tweed in fawn and beige, the scarf collar and the cuffs have scalloped edges of the latter shade. It is belted all round, and has the additional advantage of looking well when worn open. With the Easter holidays drawing very near it is well to bear in mind that ready-to-wear costumes may be obtained here from 7½ guineas, and that overcoats suitable for travelling are available from 6 guineas.



Kasha makes this square bag, and also the very new scarf. The necklace is of crystal and crysophrase beads. (Debenham and Freebody)

Eloquent Accessories

WHATEVER *ensemble* one has chosen for the first Spring days its attractiveness can be enhanced by the clever selection of accessories. Hats are of paramount importance, and the two sketched on this page are indicative of those upon which Fashion smiles. They come from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. At the head of the page is one that is carried out in navy blue baku, the brim being rolled back to reveal an underbrim of lime green *crêpe de Chine* stitched with navy. The matching scarf is quite narrow at the back and falls in soft revers in front. The smart felt hat is in a beaver shade, and is trimmed with ospreys. With it, in the sketch, is worn a collar and gauntlet cuffs of *écru* lace edged with frills, and adorned with gold ribbon. The bows are of georgette to tone. In the centre is a gay Kasha scarf, and a square bag of the same material, with a gilt mount. The very new necklace is of crystal and crysophrase beads.

An ideal travelling coat from Kenneth Durward. Made of loosely woven tweed in beige and fawn, the scalloped edges are of the former shade

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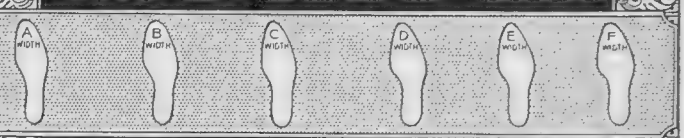

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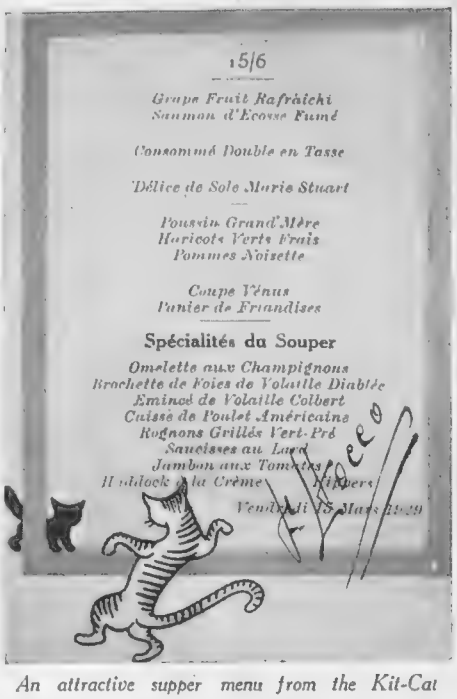
FILL tumbler or shaker with chipped ice; put in three or four drops of Angostura bitters; add half a liqueur glassful of vermouth, half a wineglassful of whisky; stir or shake, and place a small piece of lemon on the top.

Fried Smelts

CLEAN and wipe the required number of smelts, and steep them for a quarter of an hour in a little milk. A few minutes before cooking take up the smelts, drain them, and dip each fish separately in flour, then plunge into very hot fat, and fry to a golden colour. Drain the fish on paper, sprinkle with salt, and dish up, garnishing with quarters of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

Noisettes of Lamb

BONE a loin of lamb and cut the meat into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim neatly, and beat with a rolling-pin. The slices should look like cutlets without bones. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a sauté-pan, and fry the noisettes on both sides. Season with salt and pepper. Have ready boiled about ½ lb. of small round French carrots, braise them with 1 oz. of butter and a little stock, white pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Put the noisettes into an entrée-dish, and garnish with the braised carrots. Coat with a nicely flavoured thick brown sauce, and serve hot with new potatoes.



An attractive supper menu from the Kit-Cat Restaurant, Haymarket. The menu has been signed by M. Stocco, the maître d'hôtel

Indian Spatchcock

SPLIT and lightly boil a small chicken. Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan, and pour the following sauce over. Place in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. *Sauce.*—One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcestershire sauce and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

Prawns in Aspic

TWO dozen prawns, one pint of jelly, six olives or a piece of cucumber. Line a dozen small moulds or one large one with jelly, decorate the bottom with chopped cucumber or olives. Put in a teaspoonful of jelly, and let it set. Place two prawns in each mould, filled up with jelly, and place on ice.

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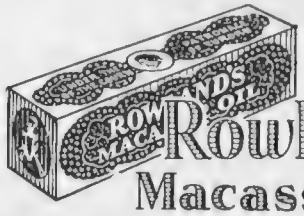

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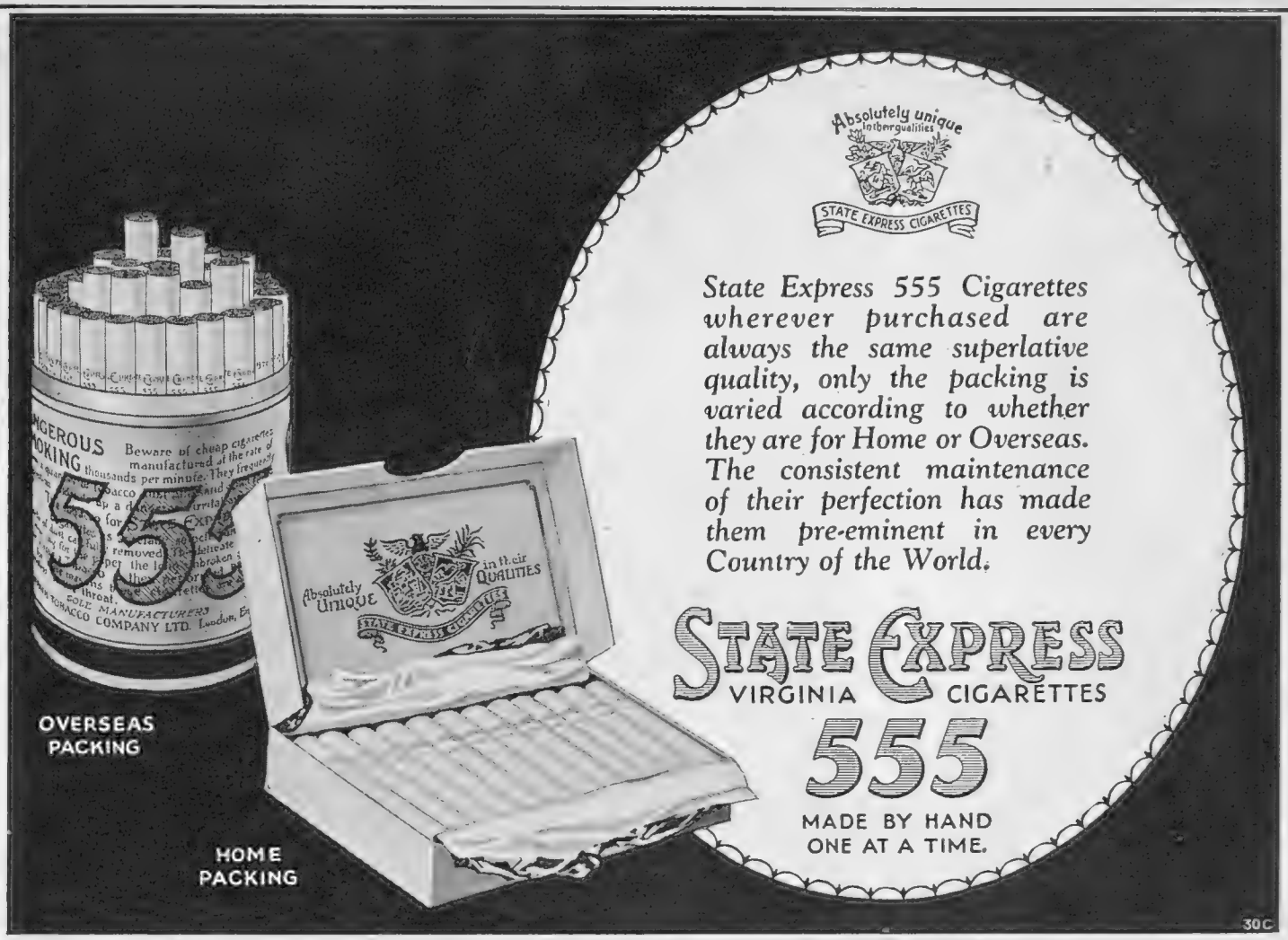

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Grapefruit Innovation

A new grapefruit of the highest quality is finding a ready market in Great Britain just now. It is called "Round Robin," and in buying this brand the public may be quite sure that they are obtaining the best fruit there is available at any time of the year. This is good news for lovers of high-quality grapefruit, as it enables them to order by name without the trouble of personal selection with each purchase. The idea behind this plan is encouraging to the growers of Empire fruit, as it will enable them to market their best fruit as their groves mature under the brand of "Round Robin," providing their fruit reaches the standard of quality required to guarantee satisfaction to the public. "Round Robin" grapefruit is grown, collected, and sorted by experts, and packed exclusively for Great Britain with the name "Round Robin" branded on the skin of each fruit. From November to May "Round Robin" comes from the picked groves of Florida, but from May to November the Florida grapefruit season is dead, and this is where the Empire grapefruit will come into its own, for all "Round Robin" on sale during these latter months will be the pick of the grapefruit from the Empire groves (mainly from South Africa). Growers of high-quality fruit of all kinds from any part of the Empire are invited to participate in this scheme and enjoy the benefits of marketing under the "Round Robin" brand which is being advertised extensively throughout Great Britain. The "Round Robin" growers and marketers took their incentive from, and based their policy on, the Economic Committee's Report to Parliament in 1926, and propose to adhere strictly to their recommendations, realising their obligation to the Empire growers by offering them the privilege of sharing these benefits. "Round Robin" is branded on the skin of every fruit to protect the consumer from substitutes.

For the Golfer

Every golfer who has suffered at one time or another from clumsy golf bags will welcome the arrival of the new Dormy Patent Expanding Golf Bag. Among its many assets

THE DORMY GOLF BAG

The accessibility of the handle on the bag will be noted

are the facts that it will expand to a size one-third larger, the clubs are held in position in separate divisions and cannot come into contact with each other, and the shafts of the clubs cannot be damaged, because the section on which they rest is soft and flexible; also the receptacle for the putter is in a most convenient position at the front of the bag always ready for use, and the bag is very light, easy, and comfortable to carry. The Dormy Golf Bag is made in five sizes, the smaller being of three stays and the larger of five stays, and it can be bought at prices ranging from 20s. for a canvas bag of three stays to 125s. 6d. for a bag in real natural pigskin, super finish with hood. All the bags are fitted with round-shaped, easy grip patent Pahawa handles with nickel-plated fittings. All golfers who appreciate a really good, light, and convenient golf bag should ask their professional for further details of the Dormy.

"Who's Who"

The edition of "Who's Who" for 1929 (A. and C. Black, Ltd., 45s.) is larger than ever, for it contains about thirty-two thousand biographies of people who are in the public eye, apart from a section devoted to the Royal Family. One has come to rely so much on "Who's Who" when details concerning prominent personalities are required that, were it to cease publication, its loss would be felt very keenly indeed. No book of reference enjoys a greater popularity than does this attractive-looking red volume, and the reference library which lacks its presence can in no sense be considered complete.

"Varsity Life"

When the Varsities turn to the lighter side of journalism they seldom fail to produce a remarkably readable paper, and the comparative newcomer, *'Varsity Life*, published at Oxford every week during Terms, is no exception. Although many of its pages are devoted to humour pure—but not always simple—it pays due regard to the serious business of life, and therefore devotes a good amount of space to sport. Altogether *'Varsity Life*—its price is 6d., by the way—is a remarkably entertaining production.

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PAVILLON SPRING : Natural Mineral Water

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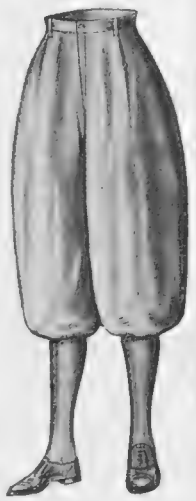

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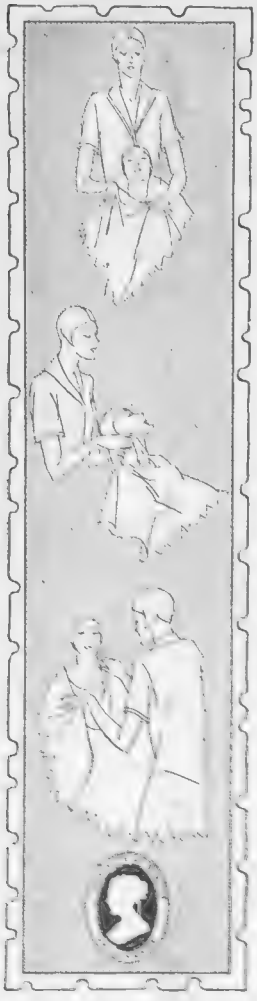

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Hats *from* **1 gn.**

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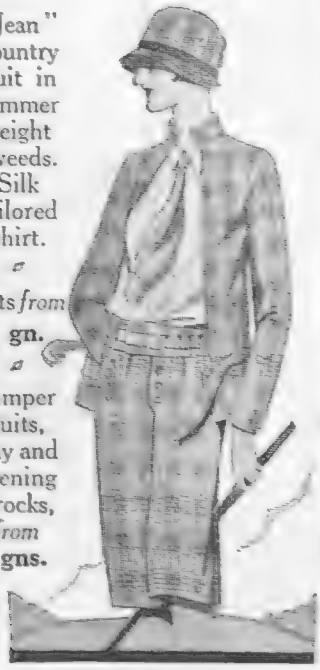

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8½ Gns.

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SWAN & EDGAR (1927) LTD., LONDON, W.1. 'Phone: Regent 1616.

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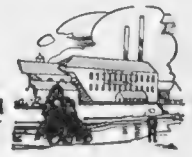

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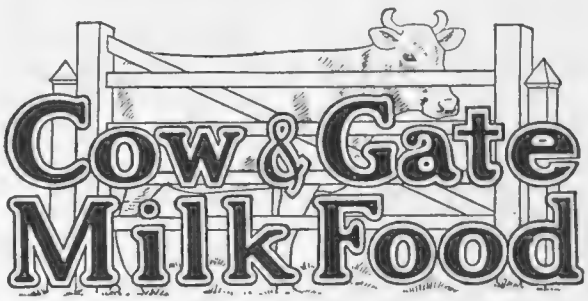

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BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities

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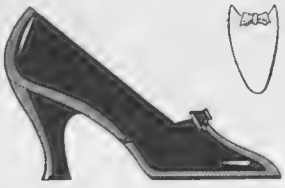

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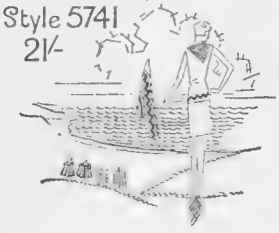
Patent with bow and trimming of Black Calf

Style 5741

21/-



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Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Marks.

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Celebrities who appreciate Achille Serre Service.

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"I have had many most agreeable surprises as the result of sending things to you for 'reconditioning.' Not only does your process clean, it seems to restore the very texture and colour of the material, whether it be of tweed or silk and — a very important point — the shapeliness of the article is in no way affected."

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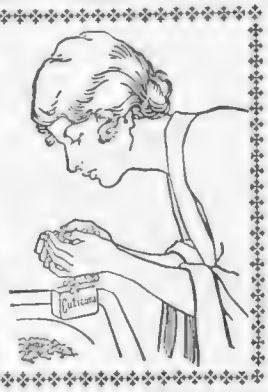

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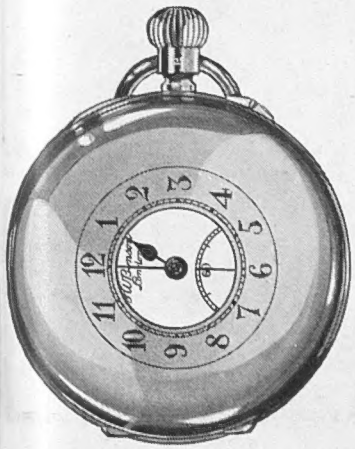

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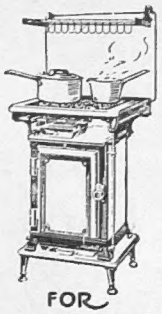

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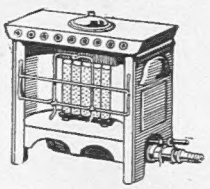

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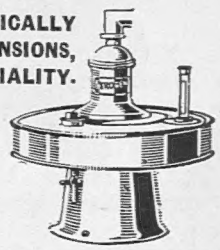

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